THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CALL TO CATHOLIC ACTION

IT IS related of Emerson, that when he was asked by a group of social reformers to support their particular projects, the sage of Concord, who knew his visitors well, profoundly distrusted the volatile enthusiasm of some of them and had little faith in the capacity of others to do more than talk, said to them: "Gentlemen, how can I hear what you say, when what you are is ringing in my ears?" Mythical or not, the story bears a wealth of significant meaning, the application of which to the circumstances of our own age is even more obvious than to those of Emerson's day. For it can hardly be doubted that what stands in the way of that better reconstruction of society, which practically all observers believe to be desirable, is the profound lack of confidence in, if not active distrust of, their political and economic leaders or rulers which prevails everywhere, in all countries, among the people. It is not the older and more traditional forms of government and of social systems, such as monarchy, and the lingering traces of feudalism, which have felt the destructive or dissolving effects of this sentiment. Even the most successful forms of democratic representative government, and of economic systems, which until quite recently were accepted as having passed the test of success, are also being questioned not merely by their opponents and critics but by those who until now have been their champions or beneficiaries. Therefore, even the most sincere or hopeful suggestions or plans for social betterment, when advanced by political or industrial or financial leaders, are received with a sort of weary scepticism. It is as if the people of the world, longing for leadership, are nevertheless everywhere re-echoing the queston attributed to Emerson: "How can we listen to what you say, when what you are is ringing in our ears?" And what they are, in the view of the people, is nothing less than failures.

Having demonstrated their unfitness for leadership, of which the proof is the present condition of society, all their professions of reform, or their suggestions for a way out of the muddle, ring false. It is not wholly just that this should be so. It would not be right to question the sincerity of many of those who are doing their best to find a safe path for humanity. But they struggle against an almost universal lack of confidence. They are paying the price of failure.

How far will what has just been said from Rome by the leader of Christendom rise above or escape from this incubus? Compared with his great predecessor,

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Leo XIII, whose warning to the world forty years ago he reëchoed, the Holy Father has at once an incomparably greater problem to deal with, but a distinctly more favorable opportunity to be heeded as well as heard. What Pope Leo had to say, in the "Rerum Novarum," made at first but a slight impression upon the minds of his age. It took several decades of earnest effort on the part of the few who appreciated his message to spread its influence outside the circles of the Church. It is true, however, as one of our correspondents has said, that the lack of attention paid to Pope Leo, even by Catholics, may be overstressed, and probably has been overstressed, by those who have written on the subject, simply because of their desire to stir up greater zeal by stressing the neglect of Pope Leo's injunctions rather than the progress made in their application.

As Father Bandini very justly observes: "To counteract that depressing picture"—our correspondent is referring to our editorial in the issue of May 6, in which we quoted many of the Catholic writers who have been dealing with the fortieth anniversary of the "Rerum Novarum"—"I believe it might have been proper to mention the very important social movement stirred up by and based upon Pope Leo's encyclical, which in Europe has been known as 'Christian democracy.' About twenty-five years ago this movement assumed in Italy the position of a new political party, and was the only one in the field to offer battle to Socialists. Christian democracy in Italy (and a great deal could be said about the same movement in France, Germany, Austria and Belgium) had splendid leaders and active members, and a large enrolment in its workingmen's societies. I have not at hand the material for more detailed information, but I am sure that more than a million members joined the ranks of Christian democracy. It was a vigorous, aggressive movement; young priests and young laymen fought under its banner. If ever in the world an attempt was made, with high promise of success, to bring Christian principles into the organization of modern economic conditions, that attempt was made by our Italian Christian democracy. And it did not fail; it transformed itself into the 'Popular party,' which had its notable share in the reconstruction of Italy after the war."

No doubt Father Bandini is right. A high and splendid story of achievement could be constructed by a student of the "Rerum Novarum." But, at best, it must be sorrowfully admitted that the success was but partial and limited. The present condition of the world is in itself a proof of the failure of the principles laid down by Leo XIII to achieve success.

This, however, while stating a fact, puts the case wrongly. The failure was not on the part of the principles of the "Rerum Novarum"; it was the world that failed to receive and to apply them. It is the old struggle that began with the formation of the Church two thousand years ago, the fluctuations of which mark the deepest meaning of human history, of which wars and the upheavals of society mark the exterior, and more sensational, crises. For it is really the most fundamental of all reforms to which the world was called by Leo XIII and now again by Pius XI. In the Pope's own words, "It is therefore absolutely necessary to reconstruct the whole economic system by bringing it back to the requirements of social justice. . . ." And social justice is the Christian religion in action. Psychology agrees with theology in saying that emotion, or repentance, without action to follow, without reformation, is wasteful and injurious. Catholics are now called upon not merely to applaud their leader, but to put what he says into practical action. For they at least know who and what the speaker is: the divinely appointed Vicar of Christ.

WEEK BY WEEK

Very Cold Water

WHEN the French gave the Presidency to Paul Doumer, a nice old reactionary, they did not surprise everybody. Briand's position in the government has always been problematical, and was surely never more so than after the speeches delivered in Morocco and elsewhere by M. Doumergue. How could a man who believed that Europe must organize to survive be wholly at ease with people whose primary feeling with regard to Europe was fear of it? None the less the defeat is calamitous. It robs one of the best statesmen now living of a real chance, for reasons not very complimentary to his fellow politicians. But the famous pan-European plan has survived and will be expounded at Geneva. In France this seems to be regarded generally as a retort to the Austro-German customs' pact, but it is not necessarily merely such a retort. We are convinced that if the Germans felt they had really frightened Paris into making constructive suggestions, they would shake hands without more hesitation than was politically expedient. During recent years not a few very conservative voices in the Reich have averred that there might be very good reasons for preferring France to the United States as a creditor nation. Round the point of French willingness to supply such credit in sufficient quantity the issue now turns. Frankly, we do not believe in it. We are afraid that, in the final analysis, the Briand idea will be wrecked not so much because of Austro-German reluctance to step back as because of French monetary hesitation. Anyhow, we shall see.

How France Elects a President

THE CONTRAST between a French and American presidential election is striking. In fact, the entire procedure in France is almost as formal and as lacking in public interest as a meeting of the obsolete American electoral college. The hurrahing, stumping and fire-brand oratory of American campaigns is almost unknown to all French politics, and is quite as much a puzzle to readers of the French press

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as is the rigid formalism and public indifference of a French presidential election to the casual American observer. This is due, of course, first of all to the fact that the French President is not elected by popular balloting. But neither this fact, nor the additional one that the presidential office in France is much less important than it is under the Amercan constitution and practice, quite explains the apparent unconcern of the French public, press and politicians about the whole matter of a presidential election. The true explanation must be sought in the different characteristics of the two people. Politics are much more vital in France than in America, but the Frenchman who is quite susceptible of excitement over his dinner, or half a dozen other things in the course of a day, takes his politics, like most important things, much more calmly, though not less seriously, than the American. One looking for political excitement in France will find it as a rule only in the press. Popular manifestations are generally confined to trivial political squabbles, except on those rare occasions when pent-up emotions burst forth like a blaze and threaten a war or revolution.

THE FRENCH National Assembly, or presidential congress, would seem to the average American spectator the most commonplace meeting imaginable. On the appointed day, senators and deputies to the number of nearly a thousand travel out to Versailles, where in the Salle du Congrès, one of the least interesting halls of a wing of the famous palace of Louis XIV, they gather for the business at hand, the choosing of the chief of state, who may play a most important part in the history of the country during the next seven years. The session is opened by the President of the Senate, this year, M. Paul Doumer, himself one of the most spoken-of candidates for the Presidency. There is no debate, and balloting begins after the simplest of opening formalities, each parliamentarian, as his name is called, walking to the urn in front of the tribune and dropping in his ballot. In less than two hours the first balloting is over and the counting has been completed. If no candidate has received an absolute majority, another ballot is taken. A third balloting has never been necessary in the history of the present republic. Theoretically, every French citizen who enjoys full civil rights is eligible to election, but practically—except for the inevitable few fantastical candidates—the really serious contenders are limited to half a dozen prominent parliamentarians.

THE MANY readers of Dr. Edward Roberts Moore's series of articles on birth control, which has been appearing in recent numbers of THE COMMONWEAL, will be interested to know that sometime in June the Century Company plans to bring out a book by Dr. Moore, "The Case against Birth Control," which will be based largely on the articles. It will be most handy to have in book form Dr. Moore's scholarly analysis of the Catholic position on this subject so important at present because of wide popular misunderstanding of it. The subject has been variously confused by publicity seekers, pseudo-scientists and professional agitators who have found it another cause in the name of which they can collect funds for their support. Dr. Moore's tempered and fully documented study, not of the theory of birth control, but of the facts—the great menace contraception is to the life of nations and their material well-being, and the danger it involves to the physical life of women, and the moral and mental health of those who practise it—will be of supreme interest to all those who sincerely and for what to them are substantial and high motives, disagree with the position of the Church. It will equally furnish the weary lay Catholic apologist, with formidable facts and figures with which he may confound the glib assertions of the completely ignorant that the Church's position is merely one of superstition and stubborn, antiquated orthodoxy.

On Birth Control

SEEN in retrospect, the first three months of the new year have sorely jolted those who relied upon time as a sure cure for economic ills. It begins to be obvious that leading national industries, the earnings of which have steadily receded, either do not believe that business is emerging from the trough or have no way of finding out. Though many corporations have built up large surplus accounts which could be used to maintain dividends, the tendency is nevertheless toward reduction or omission. This means that industry as a whole foresees no action likely to stabilize commodity prices, the fall in which is the most important clue to reduced earnings. Inevitably, at such a moment, discussion of labor costs suggests itself on all sides. Very probably the fact that a damper has been placed on such discussion until now must be attributed to the President, who held that the crisis demanded the fullest coöperation between capital and labor. Of course a great variety of cuts have been made, but hardly any of these have affected contracts to which the unions were signatories. Now virtually every conservative business journal is making a point of the index compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board, which indicates that while "hourly earnings" are substantially higher than living costs, pay-roll totals have dropped far lower. One fails to see, however, what logic leads from lowered "hourly earnings" to increased pay-roll totals, or beyond that to stimulated production. The only thing likely to be affected is the commodity price index.

Three More Months

OF VERY particular, if pessimistic, importance is the fact that there is a vast surfeit of money which cannot be diverted into the arteries of trade. It is as if a wounded body were continuing to drain its life blood into a great cup. The action of the Federal Reserve Bank in cutting the purchase rate for accep-

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tances to 1¼ percent, the lowest rate in its history, is possibly the gravest evidence bearing on the matter. Part of this money stagnation is due to the feebleness of the productive impetus, which has slackened the demand for credit and at the same time reduced the total bank loans by $2,000,000,000 since a year ago. A still larger portion must be attributed, however, to the steady increase of the gold supply to which the United States has added more than $131,000,000 during the current year. The chief causes are these: While the export balance has fallen off $59,000 during the past year, this balance was about 12 percent of the total of exports and imports in 1930 and only about 9 percent in 1929; payments on loans and obligations, amounting to more than $1,000,000,000 annually; and the shrinkage of new credits extended to other nations. This is a calamitous situation—nothing short of the slaughter of international trade and finance. Obviously we must get some of this money out of the country, even at the cost of something more risky than a disarmament speech.

RECENTLY we confessed to two admirations, for the Faith and for the Indian. No other contact of what is commonly called civilization with the Indian has ever won from him contributive effort. Rather has civilization seemed to rob him of hope and the desire to live. But the Faith he could understand. We have had countless testimonies to his deep understanding and devotion. The churches he built under the direction of the padres, those that he still throngs in Catholic American countries, are among the few extant signs of his coöperation with the races alien to him. At the Brooklyn Museum of Art a remarkable collection of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Peruvian art, which has also been exhibited in other cities throughout the country—in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington and Toledo—and which is on view until fall, is a most vivid demonstration of an expressive impulse of the Indian under the inspiration of the Faith. The collection is loaned by Mrs. Frank Barrows Freyer, who with her husband, Captain Freyer, U. S. N., was for some years a resident of Lima. All the canvases are religious subjects, and the majority were the work of Peruvian Indians under the tutelage of Spanish artists.

Faith, Art, and Indians

THEY are primitives, with all the inimitable simplicity and strength of primitives. The Indians added an almost rococo exuberance to the work, laying on the crimson and gold lavishly and filling in the background with decorative details. The facial features of the Virgin and saints are often of Inca types, and in a canvas of the visitation of the Three Kings, instead of camels being seen in the background, there are llamas. In another, lambs evidently were only legend to the artist, and they are represented as strangely muscled little creatures with tails like bullocks. In another, the Virgin Mary dressed as a young Inca Princess, who is holding the distaff, shows the transition from the worship of Mama Oello, daughter of the Sun, who according to Indian tradition came to teach the Inca women domestic arts, the most important of which was spinning. In many cases, the paintings have their original frames of soft wood carved, later covered with white glue, then with a red substance, and lastly with a gold leaf that through the centuries has never tarnished. Besides the paintings, are to be seen some carved benches and chairs, for the most part typically Spanish, of solid oak frames and leather backs and seats, and tables, low and substantial, with rich carvings of Inca motifs on the aprons and legs.

YOU CAN now go to Yale and acquire an A.B. degree without bothering about Latin and Greek. The comment which has followed this announcement is normally and properly distinguished by a lack of excitement among educators. Everybody has been raising what someone termed "Virgil's tariff on the A.B." and, generally speaking, the world's major woes can be traced to other factors. Some people even hope that more students will study the classics, now that no air of special sanctimoniousness hovers above them. And yet—shall we confess it?—the announcement that colleges as old as American education are placing Homer on a par with interior decoration, or some such course, never fails to impress us. Possibly we are getting old. The days when we spelled the nymphs of the "Odyssey," or the jokes of Horace, out of the original are manifestly receding into a dimmer and dimmer past. But there is really something more. Can the colleges do as well by the individual mind, regardless of its special gifts or desires, if they burn the streets of two thousand years and saunter out into airy modern suburbs? No definite reply is possible, of course. And it is this uncertainty—part and parcel of the general modern uncertainty—which makes one view the classic-less A.B. with something of that uncomfortable awe with which one faces a taller skyscraper or a bride's first dinner. Yet, after all, cheers for the bride!

Yale and Homer

THOUGH we have regretted the seeming blunder in Secretary Stimson's choice of time in announcing his new Latin American policy, we nevertheless approve of the measure as a whole and hopefully believe it will eventually benefit both the Southern and the Northern Americas. We approved of the responsibility for the preservation of order being put on the local governments of the autonomous Central American and Caribbean states, and the United States Marines being withdrawn. This is a statement of general principle, which may involve difficulties, and even injustices, in specific instances. In such problems there has to be a balance of the good and evils, and it

Between Two Americans

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seems to us that the good will far outweigh the evils. Responsible government could never develop fully as long as it leaned, or was forced to depend, on the intervention of United States armed forces. The odds were all against the growth of those intangible, but none the less important, factors of self-respect of the government officials and the confidence of their peoples or constituencies, and there was an incitement to plain brigands naming themselves defenders of the national honor and winning a popular admiration that they would not otherwise arouse. The uncertainty in which some fruit companies and oil companies which have adventurously pushed far inland into almost impassable jungles, will have to carry on their enterprises, will we believe be a passing phase and will gradually, for sound and continuing reasons, disappear. Far outstripping these problematical uncertainties will be the unquestionable improvement in Latin American feeling for the United States. Already we have seen symposiums of editorial praise for the new policy from the capitals of vast South American countries. The timeliness of these will be immeasurably more important than the recent efforts of the Prince of Wales. Good-will is an intangible but extremely valuable asset, especially today. And in this case not one small country, but a whole continent which does business with the United States, is affected.

Orate Fratres

LITTLE by little the excellent work being done by the Benedictines of Collegeville, Minnesota, for liturgical prayer and education has become as well known as it is essentially worth while. These, too, are monks of the West, constructive pioneers in the finest sense, who have adapted the traditions of Beuron and Maria Laach to conditions in the United States. Liturgy means the Mass and the Office in all their doctrinal, mystical and ascetic implications. Accordingly it must be taught. The Collegeville Benedictines have therefore established a summer school in which a variety of appropriate courses are offered. Music naturally occupies a prominent place—not merely as a theory of "what kind of singing we ought to have," but far more usefully as training and appreciation. Secondly, there is a department of instruction, in which some of the best ideas regarding the place which the liturgy should have in religious education will be considered. We hope that not a few will make Collegeville a summer's alma mater.

Prohibition and Illiteracy

THE WELL-KNOWN anti-prohibition society which does effective work under the title "Crusaders," charges that the root of prohibition is ignorance, and cites in proof an illiteracy figure of 4.1 percent for the native-born whites over ten years in twelve dry states, as against seven-tenths of 1 percent for this group in twelve wet. This recalls Mr. Mencken's famous contention about lynching: that the "lynching belt" is both the least educated and the most puritanically repressed section of the country, and that these grisly outbreaks are a perverted form of entertainment appealing to the sort of decivilized mind which is simply not found in more enlightened communities. Incidentally, a large portion of Mr. Mencken's "lynching belt" coincides with the "dry belt" of the Crusaders. We feel the same about both arguments: that, while they are not wholly true, they are true enough so that their opponents should feel very uncomfortable.

BUT HOW does a really intelligent dry (for of course there are intelligent drys)—how does a social student grappling with the very genuine problem of drunkenness, and defending prohibition as an admittedly extreme expedient, justified only by the horrors of that problem, feel in the intellectual company of those to whom taking a drink, playing cards, dancing or attending a theatre, are all intrinsically evil, and all matters of savage tabu? He ought, we repeat, to feel very ill at ease. But does he? He is used, by now, to strange bedfellows. The bootlegger, the hijacker, the captain of industry who supports liberty for himself and his compeers and prohibition for his workers and their fellow serfs, the politician who votes dry and drinks wet—these are all on his side. Why should he mind having it proved that numbers of people ignorant enough to continue in the superstitious fanaticism about alcohol which is part of their social inheritance —a fanaticism that has as little to do with the processes of reason as it has with the ideals of temperance and voluntary discipline—that they are on his side too?

SOLDIERS' REPARTEE

THE APPEARANCE of Erich Maria Remarque's second volume—"The Road Back"—in a multitude of languages once more bends the human mind back to a point from which it normally seeks to escape. Of course it is not so much a matter of forgetting the war, which the majority of literary citizens are now scarcely even in a position to remember with any vividness. Remarque's proper theme has hardly been fighting, disgust with trench life, defeat or victory. Essentially his function has been to describe the very especial kind of thought and feeling which was, perhaps, the only vital spiritual product of the conflict. From this none of us has been able to run away indefinitely, any more than the survivors from the Napoleonic age were able to shut themselves off from those romantic energies which found their most vivid expression in the great writers of the early and middle nineteenth century. The thing is in the air, it governs our responses to the usual and unusual queries put by existence. Whether or not one agrees with Remarque, or even holds that his writing is intrinsically effective, is here a matter of no great moment. The fact that it is problematic in all senses actually constitutes its significance.

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You have only to weigh the success of "All Quiet on the Western Front"—a success which the new story will probably duplicate—in order to see that here, for once, a modern book is tremendously alive and explosive. Sales, it is true, are no proper index. Half a million copies of a detective story, bought and paid for, may leave hardly a ripple on the world's mind. But from the moment of its appearance Remarque's book revealed a curious power to organize thinking in defense of or in opposition to the ideas it espoused. In Germany it became first a text-book and then a stone which the builders rejected. Debates have raged, crowds have formed, societies have been established, journalists have editorialized for years, over the issues raised. Similar phenomena can be discerned in almost every other country in which the tale of Ernst and his companions has been circulated. And who can forget the discussions of "naturalism" or of the influence of religion in war time, which have waxed hot and heavy? In the United States "All Quiet on the Western Front" turned into a motion-picture film, incorporating everything most virile in American pacifism, with an added dash of Semitic pathos. For the Germans this film became a stumbling-block upon which a government was nearly wrecked and round which international opinion eddied with mingled "oh's" and "ah's." Yes, see it as you like, estimate it as you will, this is the real literature of our time.

And just why? Neither of Remarque's novels is distinguished for what is commonly termed "philosophic depth." He simply does not plumb to cavernous foundations in the manner of Dostoievsky and Sigrid Undset. But, and the point is worth remembering, neither did Chateaubriand or Dickens. A wave of feeling, rising with concentrated strength, may have as much creative significance as a heat wave has in the world of nature. No flower garden sends roots as far down as an oak tree, but nevertheless our gardens and fields are our most emphatic signs of summer. In Remarque the sentiment of the epoch comes to bloom. The pathos of disillusionment, the regret for vainly expended sacrifice, the thanksgiving for courage and comradeship are here. Beauty of so much youth slaughtered by machines, crystalline shimmer of universal weeping, these are as real to our generation as swords which transfix the Sorrowful Mother's heart. Yet whereas she knew, and we with her, that the passion of her Son had redeemed the world, the mothers and comrades of these dead beat their breasts unaware of any reason or fruition. And from this central insight, intensified by every glance into a reality as venal and little-instructed as ever, there grows what is at once an ideal and a danger. Remarque shows us neither growth in its full stature. There is no strenuous looking back to find the point at which humanity went astray. No frenzy of revolution. Even, ultimately, no prayer. Merely sorrow, questioning, remembrance. And beneath that a challenge to human nature. This is what we wanted to do, says Remarque, and here is what we did. Can we do nothing better? Can the institutions which we relied upon tell or help us to nothing better?

Framed here out of experience and not in theory, these queries will govern such civilization as may characterize the immediate future. That the way in which they have been put implies a loss of faith no man can doubt. The war and what followed was, for the Western mind, a progress from fervor to futility. Every statesman who demands idealism is being asked why; every creed which calls for heroic sacrifice is challenged. Yet there is as much idealism as ever, as much readiness for heroism as ever. But there are fewer who may now blow bugles in towers. For a spell the huge activism of Europe has been halted. As in the final scene of "All Quiet on the Western Front," the soldier risks all to pluck a flower. It is only bitter economic need, the infamy of hunger, which now stirs mobs to react against this mood of thoughtful reflection. If these mouths are not fed there will be revolution. If they are, the worst of men will go to the brothel, the best of them to a shrine or into the fields. Perhaps, in His mercy, God will send us bread. Beyond any question, even on such evidence as one can promptly gather, His voice and His hand are abroad in the land. But so far as one can see, He would win us again by our own charity.

At any rate the central importance of literature has once more been made clear. It is not to be used as an instrument fashionable to the hand of anybody who would like to wield it. No ruler can order it to be, no necessity can insist upon being removed by it. But when a society is bursting with something to say, the thing comes with all the suddenness of a tree in blossom. We are not sure that a society which finds itself speaking in Herr Remarque should be wholly pleased with its performance; in fact, we are rather sure of the contrary. Mr. Santayana has said recently that conscience, "if directed by sentiment only, and not by a solid science of human nature, will always be pointing in a different direction." That is very characteristic of such literature as in here under discussion—it points backward and forward, up and down, but nowhere with any precision. The world it describes has not made up its mind, even its subconscious mind. It has only made up its heart. Yet we cannot undertake the outrageously useless task of upbraiding this world for what it is. We can only try to make it something else. This seems to imply stiffening its backbone a little.

In "The Road Back" one reads: "Because none can ever wholly feel what another suffers—is that the reason why wars perpetually recur?" And the answer is probably negative. The world has as yet never been able to afford the luxury of feeling what it suffers; there are no signs that its affluence in this regard is growing more pronounced. What matters is surely that we should be as hard and loyal in the comradeship of honest peace as we were in that of repudiated war. The times have laid down another kind of barrage through which we need to go with courage. There is a sense in which he who loves peace shall perish by it.

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ARISTIDE BRIAND

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

Distinguished psychologist, litterateur and lecturer, one time professor at the University of Paris, and in the course of an active life, a resident in practically every country in the world, both in the Orient and the Occident, the writer we can well believe speaks here on fundamental issues with an authority that saves them from being mere generalities. They are of particular interest in view of what is now happening at Geneva, and they give us a further insight into that peace for which M. Briand has long been struggling and for which he is now making perhaps his last effort.—The Editors.

LIKE the American, the French spirit is reputed to be a happy combination of idealism and practical common sense; but only by the compulsion of events have the French become realists. The Gaul was originally an obstinate dreamer, a bard of immortality, contemptuous of the present life, baring his breast in battle, taking pride in heroic death. The hard lessons of experience have taught him, if not to recant, at least to reflect.

Under different names, Paris, from its birth in the insular village of La Cité, has been submerged by foreign armies. Caesar subdued the Parisii; Lutetia was conquered by the Franks, assaulted by Attila, devastated by the Nordmen. During the Hundred Years' War, the capital was the possession of England; several centuries after, it was entered by the Allies (1814), occupied by the Prussians in 1815, besieged by the Germans in 1871, and twice menaced and bombarded in 1914 and 1917. Three saints were needed for these narrow escapes from destruction—Saint Louis, Saint Genevieve, Saint Joan of Arc—and more recently a good Christian, Marshal Foch. If the French have "jumpy nerves," as some assume, have they not good reasons for it?

The bludgeonings of fate, however, have not blotted out the hereditary idealism of the French, if they have learned thereby how not to be chimerical or wayward. The declaration of peace made solemnly to the world at Locarno is the work of reason as well as an inspiration of two great hearts, Stresemann and Briand; it proceeds first by an effort toward disarmament of the mind and then by a series of arbitration treaties and accords binding the contractants to stand together against any possible assailant. A wise precaution, for it is hardly probable that men are innately bent to turn swords into ploughshares. If history is not sufficient proof of this, watch children warily at play or, as Bernard Shaw cynically remarks, one need only look at dogs growling over a bone. As a last resort, the use of force to solve grave differences is postulated by a deep-rooted, primitive and brutal instinct. Cultivation, of itself, never succeeded in checking it. In all times, nations have employed their very science and genius for a more efficient killing and devastating. Men ought primarily to educate their natural impulses and create a mental peace-state. This would be a difficult and long undertaking since its success depends, above all, upon the triumph of the higher nature over the lower. It cannot be achieved without the inspiration of charity and a knowledge of men's real interests.

Meanwhile, in order to face any emergency, vigilance is necessary. Such is the task of the League of Nations and its most distinguished officers.

Several months ago, at the Quai d'Orsay I saw Aristide Briand. I brought him an expression of high appreciation from American leaders for his civic courage, at which he was moved and yet perplexed. With modesty he extemporaneously replied: "What we are endeavoring to do at the moment, is simply to stifle small blazes, here and there, fire-brands and even incipient fires, before they become conflagrations. Of course this does not thwart vaster hopes, but rather aids them."

By doing such work as sentinels of peace, M. Briand and with him the League of Nations probably have saved Europe from threatened disasters. In this connection I am reminded of an anecdote. A few years ago, in the Adirondacks, forest fires were causing fearful damages. To put an end to this scourge, the administration built towers and placed wardens therein to watch all the surrounding country. In that way they discovered any lurking flame and gave the alarm before it was too late to avoid new calamities.

Safety measures do not exclude vaster purposes. The Kellogg-Briand Pact, as started by France and America, is a comforting example. Nothing could be hailed with more satisfaction by the best of my generation, for whom peace has been the great absorbing interest. If we favored the pushing of the World War to a clear decision repudiating all clumsy adjustments, it was with the hope of a just and consequently abiding peace. To allude to a personal case, in 1915 I outlined in American newspapers the plan of a vast understanding among nations, aiming to pacify the earth. Such was Hugo's and Michelet's anticipation, as well as Tennyson's. "The parliament of man, the federation of the world" is a perennial hope. Let us begin with Europe, said I. Since Henry VI, this has been a dream of the French. Nevertheless rude discipline throughout their national existence, urges them to seek for conditions of disarmament devoid of future disappointment. Some organic system must be found and operated in order to insure such an invaluable blessing. "Let us increase," M. Briand said, "the moral and physical force of the League of Nations, and let us hope that one day it will prove a mighty power toward preventing war." On the other hand, as observed by the same statesman, "if war were to break out now, conditions would not be the same as in 1914. The nation respon-

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sible for a declaration of war would certainly have to face something even worse—civil war."

Nevertheless, precaution against the wickedness of certain nationalistic and dictatorial governments is necessary. To use Tacitus's strong phrase, people often *ruunt ad servitudinem* (rush to servitude). The general good urgently demands an objective and cold-blooded study of conditions as they are and not as one wishes them to be. Between the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine and the seas dwells the neuralgic point of Europe. Its legal remedy previous to material disarmament, is security with sanctions. And in the opinion of many, one of the best securities would be the establishment of the United States of Europe. As soon as a kind of political and economic solidarity is recognized between the various states of the Continent, obsolete prejudices will wane and progressively vanish; then friendship, nurtured by common sense, will inaugurate a new order of things.

Despite Fascism, Hitlerism and Bolshevism—these three antagonistic heads still belonging to the same hydra—I feel certain that no nation is today opposed immovably to any other. But each country, secretly or openly, in Europe at least, is eaten into by the cancer of fanatic nationalism or by revolutionary internationalism. Within its own bosom, each nation has its own enemies who are the enemies of peace. The fierce internationalist wants to start a fire at home and at the four corners of the world. On the other hand, a jingoistic outlook makes a man excitable, shortsighted, ever with a chip on his shoulder. What is the remedy? No doubt a broad and liberal patriotism—a patriotism which considers the country not as an idol but as a mother, which does not brandish its fist against any other country but rather stretches out its hand to all of them. Wild internationalism seeks to destroy the foundations of such a benevolent patriotism while jingoism tries to disfigure its beauty and turn its wisdom to madness. Unfortunately there is no term to express a close solidarity of nations with one another, a solidarity respecting the dignity and the independence of the neighbor. This spirit of fraternity among nations deserves an appellation of its own. I propose to call it "interpatriotism."

Interpatriotism and not internationalism, for the peoples, eager to live and grow together in business collaboration and artistic comradeship, ought to increase and enrich their individual traits. Each country has its own mission. Cardinal Mercier declared: "Each country has a soul." Certainly each country is an entity. A flat and desolate uniformity is not desirable, but distinct variety and joy in free union are. The primitive city, hostile to its neighboring town, has developed into the nation which is a commonwealth of cities; thus, the nation envying other nations may progress to the internation.

In the universal concert or, to begin with, in the Continental concert, each national unit has its personal note to contribute. This fusion—and not confusion—is destined to swell into a prosperous polyphony of reciprocal tolerance, commercial exchange, cultural penetration, and good-will. It is not true that the general interest is opposed to particular interests, inevitably; rather it coördinates them and offers in fact a vaster field to all. Interpatriotism alone may rebuild Europe politically and economically. Unfortunately, there is as yet too much ignorance, misunderstanding, vanity of prestige, gross heathenism.

I, a layman, would not venture to trespass upon the religious domain. Yet when Popes Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV and Pius XI earnestly recommend opposition to all war, adding that a Christian must do all in his power to the end that peace may triumph in this world, they speak with authority—not to priests alone, but to kings, presidents, statesmen, to all the faithful and to all men. This command should be carried out. If men cannot always love one another, at least they should endure one another.

With the present increase in armaments, there is a choice of two alternatives: either perish completely in hate and fury, or be born again in a new fraternity.

Can men not take their stand upon the obvious principles of morality and religion, showing kindness and justice to one another? There is an unshakable groundwork: men of every race united to wipe away the tears caused by injustice, to stop the useless and accursed slaughtering. All men united will perform miracles which individuals and even groups acting separately cannot accomplish. What a mighty crusade!

In the Gospel Christ cured the sick and provided bread for the hungry. Nations may be healed and their lives sustained by enforcing the law of God and conscience. "Thou shalt not kill"—"Thou shalt not steal,"—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods"—why should those commands apply to individual citizens and not to citizens taken as a body? Why should communities have the right cynically to abrogate the Decalogue? Why may a country, whose legislation punishes the puny wretch stealing a little money be permitted to organize for the pillaging and murdering of innumerable citizens belonging to another country?

In patriotism indeed lies the mainspring of incomparable virtues. But Christian interpatriotism may kindle that sublime and sacred fire, whose sparks dazzled us in Isaias and became in the Gospel the dawn of a practical and spiritual civilization. Man is not lacking in the capacity to put honor and duty before life. When will the fierce courage of the battle-field be utilized for the protection of unanimous justice and peace? When will the death-giving impulse be turned into the expansion of life and light? The manhood which has been honored in massacring must be converted to reviving. The highest courage is not in sanguinary folly, but in self-control and kindness. The world awaits the champion who has gone a step beyond the military hero and, instead of taking his brother's life, returns it to him. The time has come for men to emerge from the state of brutishness and to grow human and humane.

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THE REVIVAL OF THOMAS PAINE

By ELIZABETH S. KITE

THE CAUSE of Thomas Paine as patron saint of human liberty has long numbered among its American promoters many university men and women. A recent champion, Professor William E. Dodd, would credit Paine with having "done so much" to create the world of today that he should rank with Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. Of that group, Mr. Dodd tells us Paine was the "most sincere."

To the impartial mind the obvious thing about Paine is that he helped clear the way in Protestant countries for the triumphant return of the Catholic Church. Not to see this is to miss the whole point of Thomas Paine's career. Leaving out of account what he wished to do, what he believed himself to be doing, the fact remains that what he did do was to shatter the foundation on which the entire structure of Protestantism rests, namely, the sufficiency of the Bible for individual salvation without respect to authoritative interpretation of its texts. He also did much to shatter the foundations on which imperial and monarchical institutions rest.

Paine was brought up in England in accordance with the principles of "the most straightest sect" of Protestantism—the Quakers. From them he imbibed his direct habits of mind, and his tendency to disdain acquired information in contrast to thoughts, which, as he expressed it, "bolted into his mind of their own accord." The sanction which he gave to such thoughts resembled that given by Quakers to the "light within" which they hold to be an emanation of the Holy Spirit but which Paine called "Reason." Of the workings of the Catholic mind Paine knew nothing. Whenever his invectives against religion seem to resemble the writings of the French Encyclopedists, the likeness is only accidental. Paine attacked the Bible as immoral and indecent and berated those who taught that it was the Word of God. The storm of execration rained upon him by ministers and others of the Protestant faith caused him to put forth a second treatise much more offensive than the first. The whole Protestant world became involved. His "Age of Reason," in cheap edition, penetrated everywhere, even into the most obscure corners, causing unspeakable horror among some, secret adherence among others and, with the course of time, a gradual undermining of the faith of the masses to whom the Holy Bible had been their all.

In Catholic countries Paine's "Age of Reason" never became popular, though strangely enough he was motivated in writing it by a desire to stem the tide of atheism which he saw was sweeping the French Revolution away from what he conceived to be its true goal: this fact proves how little he understood the French mind. Paine's quarrel with the Bible left French atheists cold and his shafts, when they hit the Catholic Church, fell harmless, for that Church, having for foundation something broader than the Bible, could not be harmed by such attacks. Would-be worshipers of Paine do not understand this. They have always thought that it was the "Christian myth," as they call it, that was shattered. It is interesting to watch the effect upon such persons of the casual observation: "You realize of course, that Tom Paine's writings are a bulwark for the Catholic Church." The stupefaction caused by this announcement is sure to last long enough to allow one to add: "You see, the Catholic Church has always held that the Bible is not a suitable book to be put without safeguards into the hands of everybody."

As for Paine's contribution to the creation of the world in which we live, it must be admitted that his part was destructive rather than constructive. When, during the winter of 1775, his "Common Sense" in the words of Dr. Rush "bursted from the press," its "bullet-like epigrams," using the expression of Mr. Dodd, penetrated the minds of the common people and prepared them for ideas of a revolutionary nature as undoubtedly nothing else in the world could have done. Paine indeed, here as elsewhere, essayed to build after he had destroyed, but his work in this line never succeeded. Once, however, during the course of the American Revolution his achievement weighed on the positive side, being the exception which proves the rule. On December 20, 1776, when the poverty-stricken army of Washington in New Jersey was on the point of desertion, Paine's "Crisis No. 1," written on the field of battle, was "ordered read to every corporal's guard." As someone has said:

> It touched with unfailing skill, with matchless power, the springs of anxiety, . . . of hope, of love of country, love of home, of passionate resolve, and closes with such a battle-call that might have startled slain patriots under the frozen clods: "Up and help us: lay your shoulder to the wheel; . . . say not that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but 'show your faith by your works' that God may help you."

Washington did not overestimate the value of this appeal. It put heart into the men and did much to make possible the brilliant achievement of the army on Christmas night at Trenton.

After the war was over, Paine left America and went to England, intent upon shattering the foundations of a government that, as he conceived it, never had done justice to the common people. "A country," he said, "where age is sent to the workhouse and youth to the gallows" needs to be reorganized. His "Rights of Man," which followed and which became immensely popular, would have sent him to a British prison had he not escaped to France where, in 1791, he was hailed as a martyr to the cause of human liberty.

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At first Paine welcomed the French Revolution as offering the consummation of all his hopes, and gladly lent his efforts to devise a constitution that would guarantee perpetual freedom to all mankind. Disillusioned by events, he nevertheless remained in France and boldly risked his life in defense of the life of the king. Paine knew what America owed to Louis VI. His words before the revolutionary tribunal which condemned the king will bear repetition:

> . . . It is to France alone, I know, that the United States of America owe that support that enabled them to throw off the unjust and tyrannical yoke of Great Britain. . . . As the nation at that time could only act by means of a monarchical organ . . . this organ certainly performed a good and a great action. . . . Let the United States be the safeguard and the asylum of Louis Capet. . . . In supporting this proposition I consider myself as a citizen of both countries. . . . I support it . . . because it seems to me the best and most politic measure that can be adopted.

Following the above event and while hiding in Paris in hourly expectation of being arrested and thrown into prison, Paine composed the first part of his "Age of Reason." The second part followed his escape from the guillotine and release from the prison of the Luxembourg more than a year later.

Here again, after destroying, Paine sought to build. Theophilanthrophy, a logical religion to be erected on the broad basis, as the name implies, of God and humanity, was to take the place of the "absurd" Christian mysteries. Despite the efforts of its adherents the new society languished. Talleyrand's gibe, if it was Talleyrand's, explains the failure. Someone, so it is said, asked the famous cynic what could be done to put life into the new religion. The reply was: "Get yourself crucified and rise the third day."

In 1802 the President, Thomas Jefferson, provided Paine with transportation to America. It was rumored that some governmental post would be given him. But his "Age of Reason" had too deeply discredited him with the American people. He was looked upon as an emissary of Satan and on several occasions was forced to endure the public execration of the crowd. Under these circumstances he retired to his farm at New Rochelle, a confiscated Tory property given him by the state of New York in recognition of his former patriotic services, and it was there, in obscurity and deserted by his friends, that he spent the last eight years of his life.

In estimating the character of Paine no one can deny that he was sincere, and if by "sincerity" is meant unflinching adherence to his beliefs and all their consequences, then Paine was more sincere than either Jefferson or Franklin, whose views on many points resembled those of Paine. Conscious of the impossibility of realizing ideals in their fullness, these men trimmed their sails according to circumstance; not so Thomas Paine. If what he had written was the truth, and it must have been since it came to his mind unbidden, or so he argued, and from within, then there could be no retraction no matter what whirlwind of opposition was raised about him. Once Franklin had remonstrated, pointing out to Paine that "he who spits in the wind, spits in his own face." But Paine failed to grasp the lesson and he never even faintly understood the cause of the obloquy which settled on him during his declining years and rendered them so dismal and lonely. Nor could he shake off the lethargy that weighed upon him like a pall.

In the end, however, he roused himself and by a supreme effort wrote his last will and testament. There he reaffirmed his abiding faith in a God of goodness and bequeathed his property to the Bonneville family who had befriended him in France, and who, ruined by the Revolution and subsequent events, had followed Paine to America. In the end it was Madame Bonneville who cared for the dying man and soothed his last moments. She herself was a devout Catholic and it was in her tiny cottage in Greenwich Village that the friend of human freedom passed away. It was she also who arranged for his funeral. As no organization would grant permission to admit the body to their graveyard—not even the Quakers to whom Paine had himself appealed while still living—there was nothing to do but bury him in "a corner of his own farm."

The funeral procession, as it wended its way to New Rochelle, was composed of two Negroes with the coffin, one a grave-digger, a Quaker on horseback, and three Catholics in a carriage, Madame Bonneville and her two sons. Of the interment Madame Bonneville has thus written:

> Contemplating who it was, what man it was, we were committing to an obscure grave in an open and unconsecrated bit of ground, I could not help feeling most acutely. Before the earth was thrown upon the coffin . . . looking around and seeing the small group of spectators, I exclaimed . . . "My son stands here as a witness for grateful America and I for France."

Three Things

Winged as a white bright Dove,
  Gently the Spirit came
To brush with brooding love
  That Brow which bore our blame.

Flame-petaled Pentecost
Shone in a secret room
Where Thirteen prayed, and tossed
  On each a fiery plume.

There spoke a palpable Power
  In syllables of wind,
Sealing in one swift hour
  What time shall not rescind.

Ever my heart must stir
  At thought of these three things:
Fire and wind and the whir
  Of white, mysterious wings.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE.

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Places and Persons

WEST HIGHLAND CONCERT

By L. A. G. STRONG

IT WAS I think on a Friday that someone, returning from business in the village, brought back a poster announcing the concert. The poster was not large, but it contained a deal of exciting information. Headed "The Queen McPherson Tour, 1930," it announced that a concert would be given in the Achraig Hall, on the following Monday, at eight o'clock. Five eminent artists would appear: Queen McPherson herself (I have changed names), the famous Gaelic and Scottish soprano; Andrew McRea, principal bass of —— Cathedral; Jean Kirk, the talented violinist; Joseph Monypenny, the celebrated Aberdeen humorist; and Ronald Stornoway (with a formidable list of degrees and diplomas), "accompanist at the piano."

Now Queen McPherson, though no longer as young as she was, is very well known, not only in Scotland, for her interpretation of national songs. Andrew McRea was known to me through a gramophone record. I do not mean that he has made only one; he has made dozens; but I possessed only the one. The other performers we did not know, but in any case we were resolved to go.

You have to be fond of your music, in this part of the world. We set out, after an early meal, in the motor van with which the farmer transports his milk and eggs to the railway. It has a narrow ledge down each side, as a concession to passenger traffic, but the roof is very low, and the road like a rockery: so that the passenger sits with his chin somewhere near his knees—hardly the most comfortable of after-dinner postures—and defends the top of his head as best he may. We had to start early, for the entire neighborhood was going to the concert, and the van had to make a second journey. Also, by natural selection, being able-bodied, we would have to walk home. Achraig is four uneven and exciting miles away. The night was wild and stormy: we should probably get soaked coming home, but as long as we reached the hall dry, nothing else mattered.

The journey there was accomplished in style. We were a merry party, all out for enjoyment, and a venomous squall, which attacked the van horizontally and shot in at its occupants, only increased our joy. There was much hasty huddling and falling about, and a great deal of amusement.

When we reached the hall, we found the bass, a mackintosh and scarf over his evening clothes, sitting in the porch to take our money. A party of ten, and all for front seats: we were beamed upon, and escorted to our places by another gentleman, similarly attired, whom I surmised correctly to be the humorist. There were a few people already in the hall, and many more outside, under the dripping trees. We set ourselves to wait.

As it turned out, we had to wait three-quarters of an hour, for the hall kept filling up in the most gratifying manner, and the bass, who was due to lead off, was busy taking money. At seventeen minutes past eight he mounted the platform, and was applauded by a full house, which had shown not the slightest sign of impatience. They had all been chatting eagerly to their neighbors.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced the bass, "I am varra sorry indeed we're so late starting, but the money was coming in, and we couldn't refuse it."

There was a burst of sympathetic applause. Here was a point on which all thought alike. The singer became at once a man and a brother. With a professional bow, he started on Item No. 1: Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer." Why he chose it I do not know, but probably to sing himself in, for the audience could make little of it, and the deep notes made some of them giggle. He sang it roughly, but with great spirit; and it was evident from the first that he had an admirable accompanist. Indeed, for musicianship, the honors of the evening went easily to Mr. Stornoway. Moreover, he delighted in his work. Smiles crossed his face, no idiosyncrasy of tempo on the singer's part dismayed him, nor, when his music fell off the piano, as occurred six or seven times, did he appear to mind in the least.

The violinist, a tall, anxious girl, started none too steadily on a series of Scottish airs. She did not settle down till she reached a reel, and then, encouraged by an instant tapping of heels from all over the hall, she let herself go. Waves of delight surged up to the platform, as she passed from quick infectious dance to dance. She brought the technique of the concert hall to airs which the people only heard rasped out on squeaky fiddles, and played them with dash enough for six. Her success was enormous. Two encores were demanded by the stamping, roaring audience.

Next, Queen herself. There was a good deal of her. She climbed the platform, smiled benignly, adjusted her pince-nez, and raised a quizzical eyebrow to a tribute of respectful applause. Then she began to sing, a slow, melancholy tune, in Gaelic. Her voice was thin, but clear and true: she sang with an authority which passed somehow from the song to her face and figure. Suddenly one realized that the name Queen was not an accident. She was regal, and the audience paid her homage. There was something pure, cold and windswept in the song: it might have been about Alban, or Deirdre's voyages. She followed it with a song of a quite different type, which brought a smile to many

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faces. It had a chorus in which, with an inimitable gesture, she bade us all join. By the time she gave place to the humorist, we were in the mood for him.

He played up well. A meek, worried-looking little man, he became possessed of a devil of comicality, as he recounted the adventures of Mrs. Mac-Somebody-or-Other at her first whist drive, or the anguish of a local butcher, suddenly called upon to deputize for an absent preacher and deliver a discourse upon David and Goliath. His whole frame shook with a mischievous vitality which one could hardly credit in the man who showed us into our seats. His reception was terrific.

Then it was Andrew McRea's turn to sing the airs of his country. The preliminary bout with Mendelssohn had served him well, and he showed, as he began the tragic ballad, "Helen of Kirkconnel," that his place in the cathedral was deserved. His voice, a rich, black bass, was well able for the song. It rose from the still sadness of the opening to the curse, the lament, and the savage stanza of the fight; then drooped, dark and full, to the resignation of the end:

> O Helen fair, O Helen chaste,
> Were I with thee, I wad be blest;
> Where thou lie'st low and taks thy rest,
> On fair Kirkconnel Lea.

He sang again, but this time it was the rousing, roaring song about "The Piper o' Dundee," which he delivered with extraordinary vigor and power. Meanwhile, the room had been growing dark; the accompanist could no longer see what he was at.

"Is there any person in the hall capable of lighting the lamps, please?"

It sounded queerly, but no reflection was intended on our sobriety. A very tall man with a wild red moustache, who was indeed the only person capable of reaching them, lit the two large oil lamps suspended from the roof, amid applause. And so the show went on, the performers asking the audience to choose their favorite airs, until the final duet, between Queen and the bass: the old song, "Huntingtower." It is a wooing song, a little upon "Keys of Heaven" lines, but simpler, franker, deeper, varying from mood to mood till the crash of the last triumphant verse:

> Blair in Atholl's mine, Jeanie;
> Wee Dunkeld is mine, lassie;
> St. Johnston's bower and Huntingtower,
> And all that's mine is thine, Jeanie.

Then the artists all took hands, and we took hands with them and among ourselves, row to row, and bellowed "Auld Lang Syne." A look round upon that gathering then was instructive: crofters, farmers, fishermen; a few visitors from the shooting lodges; their maids and chauffeurs; a bunch of herring girls; the innkeeper with his wife; the station-master, the policeman —representatives from twelve miles of bogland, coast and mountain. Nearest the platform, a girl of remarkable beauty, flushed, thrilled with the strangeness of it all, looked round with parted lips on the company. Beside her stood her husband, also young, heavy, red, embarrassed, very English, caught willy-nilly in a demonstration of emotional good-will. He held one of his wife's hands; the other was grasped in the huge paw of a young shepherd, while his own other hand was being vigorously wrung by the massive and vociferous lady (an expert on Gaelic singing) who does our washing. Quicker and quicker grew the tempo, more vigorous the handclasps, louder the song. Then, all at once, it was over. The thunderous voice of the bass recalled us. "The King," he boomed, and we stood stiff and blessed King George. Next, we were all mixed together, artists and audience, chatting eagerly. I made for the bass.

"I have often heard your records, Mr. McRea. It is a great pleasure to meet you in the flesh."

In a minute we were talking as if we had known each other all our lives. I asked if he sang "The Bonnie Earl of Moray," one of the finest and most terrible songs in the world.

"Why," he cried, "only tonight, I said to Mrs. McPherson, 'I'll sing "The Bonnie Earl." ' 'Oh, keep off the tragic,' she said. 'Keep gay for the villagers.' "

He was to make more records in the autumn, he told me, so I made him promise to include it. He told me about the accompanist, the great positions he held in the city, and how he always came with them for fun, because he loved the islands and the Gaelic-speaking folk. He told me how he had been having trouble with his teeth, away in the outer islands; how the party were to sing the next night in a big hall to hold nine hundred. (Ours held, perhaps, a hundred and twenty?) We should have stayed half the night, if the caretaker had not broken up the scene by turning out the lamps.

A chorus of cordial good-bys, and promises to return. Then four miles home in the stillness, the wind having dropped, and one shower only, to freshen the scents of hay and turf and drenched bog-myrtle, to sharpen the tang of peat-smoke from a distant cottage; and, on our left, vague, luminous and still, seeming almost to hang edgeways upon the air, and be lost in a cloud, the wide, pale sheet of the sea. When, safely home, we let ourselves into the still, dark house, and creep along the passages to bed, we know that we have had an evening we shall not forget. There has been something in it, from start to finish, which quickens the pulse of life; which, incongruous though its elements are, makes a single experience of the quality we know as happiness.

The Power of Song

> Amphion, with his animating tones
> Did stir the air, did move the very stones,
> So lovely was the music of his lyre;
> Thy song a greater marvel doth inspire,
> For, hearing it, the heart—poor heavy clod—
> Doth leave the earth and swiftly soar to God!

S. C. N.

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THE ULTIMATE CASUALTIES

By JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR

THE PASSAGE by Congress over the President's veto of the so-called bonus loan bill making possible immediate cash advancements up to 50 percent of the face value of World War veterans' adjusted service certificates, demonstrates again that every year the United States views the cost of the World War from a new horizon. Not long after hostilities ceased it was possible to assemble figures which roughly indicated the loss of life, the suffering from wounds and gas, and the money expended by this country. But it was soon learned that these were only initial costs. Year after year the ultimate figures expressed in terms of broken bodies, deranged minds, orphaned children, and millions of dollars for hospitals, training and compensation, have been mounting to new heights. Even now the end of this drain on our national life can be seen only in the remote future.

Undoubtedly one of the greatest though little-known activities of the United States Veterans' Bureau, of which Colonel George C. Ijams is the director and which forms the main division of the tremendous Veterans' Administration under the direction of Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, has to do with the ever-increasing load of nervous and mentally sick veterans and minor children of hospitalized and deceased veterans who are under guardianship of this government agency by the thousands in every state in the union. When, twelve years ago on November 11, whistles shrieked the message of a truce throughout the world, and joyful panic intoxicated people everywhere, we little realized what a large part of our contribution to the war still remained unpaid. It was impossible to foresee that for many the agony of the battle-field would be lengthened out to years of torture; nor could we know the hardships, the distress or the privation which the veterans faced in readjusting themselves to changed economic conditions. Still less could we understand the ravages of bursting shells, exploding mines, lethal gas and human slaughter on the minds of American lads at the front. The ultimate loss from this source cannot yet be accurately estimated.

As the physical wreckage begins to disappear from the picture, a rising tide of mental derangement looms up to take its place. For some time it has been evident that the care of irresponsible veterans would become a major problem for the bureau. During the past year there was a decrease from 30 to 21 percent in the number of tubercular patients in the government hospitals, but during the same time the ratio of psychotic patients increased from 44 to 49 percent. Each year brings a greater number of charges under the government's care, and it is estimated that the peak of failing mentality will not be reached until 1942.

Disease which undermines the intellect ten or twenty years after the war can no more be overlooked in counting the ultimate casualties than wounds inflicted in open battle. It is true that many of the men now under care of the government as incompetents were probably subject to mental weaknesses before they entered the service. But it is no less true that hundreds in this class might have retained their faculties had it not been for the harrowing experiences of the war. As a rule only those who passed rigid examinations and were found mentally and physically fit were accepted into the army. In spite of this, the ravages of war were such that the hospital needs of any group of veterans are now much greater than those of an equal group of civilians, and a greater percentage of the veterans constantly being hospitalized comprises mental cases. The last Congress provided a disability allowance to veterans permanently disabled to an extent of 25 percent or more without reference to their military service, which will increase the load of cases. It is very likely that Congress will be petitioned by veterans' organizations and social agencies such as the Red Cross to extend its program of supervision of guardians over veterans to include Spanish-American War and Civil War veterans.

Last July General Frank T. Hines, director of the United States Veterans' Bureau, reported that it was found necessary to put 64,553 veterans and claimants' children, who are incapable of handling their own affairs, under guardianship. An aggregate of more than $50,000,000 is paid to them annually, and approximately $800,000 has to be annually appropriated to insure their proper care and supervision. Care and treatment of these incompetents has become a major problem of the Veterans' Bureau.

Not all of the 64,553 claimants under legal guardianship are veterans. A recent survey of guardianship affairs throughout the United States revealed that since the war 25,386 of the 4,000,000 men the United States mustered into its wartime army have been examined by neuropsychiatrists and found to be suffering from nervous and mental disorders or, at any rate, incompetent to handle their own affairs. Approximately more than half of these veterans are in the government hospitals, while others are hospitalized as their needs require. The bureau also has the responsibility of overseeing the legal custody of 39,167 minor children of deceased or disabled ex-service men, most of whom are living in homes where the mother is a widow or the father in a hospital.

The government's decision to take an active hand in guardianship matters, which are usually left exclusively to the states, gave rise to innumerable complications. It was found impossible to carry out a unified program because of the wide variance in state laws. Yet the

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need of additional protection for incompetent veterans in some states was pressing. In some instances guardians were allowed to charge exorbitant fees; in others the benefits provided by the government were being embezzled or needlessly squandered by fiduciaries.

Following an investigation by Congress into the care and treatment of incompetent beneficiaries of the government, the World War Veterans' Act was amended so as to enlarge the powers of the director in this regard. He was authorized to appear in court against any guardian who attempted to collect inequitable fees or commissions or who failed to make necessary payments for his ward's benefit. In case guardians failed to render accounts of activities in behalf of their incompetent wards, agents of the Veterans' Bureau were empowered to suspend payments to them. These provisions of law bring fiduciaries of bureau beneficiaries under close scrutiny of the government and insure the efficient administration of the estates of incompetent veterans.

It is not surprising that the states were at first inclined to regard the government's nation-wide activities in guardianship affairs as an encroachment upon their constitutional prerogatives. Never before had federal agents been authorized to go into the various states and thus take charge of the private and personal affairs of certain citizens in this manner. Eloquent addresses in Congress pointed out that the issue goes down to the very roots from which the American form of dual government has evolved. The Supreme Court has repeatedly held, however, that Congress is amply empowered under the constitution to protect any pension moneys payable to either a veteran or his agent. Even so, however, the plans put under way by the Veterans' Bureau gave rise to some friction. Most of the state courts took kindly to the bureau's extensive guardianship program which required that fiduciaries render annual reports, submit copies to the regional office of the bureau, and furnish such details on the home environment and personal welfare of all incompetents as the bureau deemed necessary. Guardians wished to remain responsible to the courts alone, some to avoid the inconvenience of reporting to two supervisors, and others because they had succeeded in mulcting helpless victims out of their compensation. And it was argued that the bureau should confine its activities to seeing that insurance or compensation was properly paid to the duly appointed guardians, and that it was the sole prerogative of the state courts to determine whether such funds were properly used for the purpose intended.

There are good reasons why the government was not satisfied to leave these matters solely in the hands of the state courts. During the first year that the guardianship policy was in operation it was found that fiduciaries had actually fleeced incompetent veterans out of more than $1,615,000. Defalcations during the second year were only slightly reduced. In the third year the aggregate loot of dishonest guardians was reduced to approximately $500,000, of which nearly $345,000 was recovered. A large percentage of the compensation embezzled during the two previous years was also recovered and a number of the parasitic fiduciaries eventually found themselves behind prison bars. From July 1, 1930, to January 31, 1931, $592,817.89 was saved for beneficiaries as a result of recoveries, savings on investments and expenditures and through the performance of gratuitous legal services by regional attorneys.

Veterans who sacrificed their reason in the service of their country are entitled to personal benefits from the government. Compensation paid them is for their own comfort while they are alive. Protection against selfish heirs as well as unfaithful guardians was found necessary. Sufficient cases, in which compensation has been hoarded while incompetent veterans suffer from want, have come to light to justify the bureau in carrying out this policy.

The Veterans' Bureau has encountered some difficulty in securing the services of guardians who are qualified to look after the personal welfare as well as the financial interests of incompetent veterans. A great majority of guardians are fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers or other relatives of the victims, but in some cases it is deemed advisable to place this trust in strangers. Experience has shown that while relatives are the most capable personal guardians, banks and trust companies are more competent to administer an estate in a businesslike manner. The present policy of the government is, therefore, to favor a corporate guardian for the estate and an individual guardian to look after the personal welfare of an incapacitated veteran.

Since construction of the first neuropsychiatric hospital by the Veterans' Bureau in 1919 at Palto Alto, California, eighteen similar institutions have been established at centralized points throughout the country and two more will be completed during the present fiscal year. To its everlasting credit, the Veterans' Administration has recognized insanity as a disease and is making a constructive effort to treat it as such. The institutions to which deranged ex-service men are sent are hospitals, not merely asylums for the insane, and the government encounters all the difficulties that state hospitals have to cope with in the treatment of the great variety of nervous and mental diseases.

One of the Veterans' Administration's most onerous problems has been establishing a groundwork that would legally as well as equitably justify its guardianship work in all the forty-eight states. Congress has from time to time long debated the advisability of taking probate matters involving the affairs of incompetent ex-service men entirely out of the state courts, but wisely decided against such a policy. In spite of the friction which attended the early activities of the bureau, most of the states are showing a disposition to coöperate in carrying out the bureau's guardianship policy. They have found it mutually advantageous to accept the bureau's supervision of guardians, and to

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have ex-service men committed to federal rather than state institutions. As a result many complications which have heretofore worked injustice on individual veterans are now being satisfactorily ironed out.

This movement designed to make government supervision of the affairs of its wards uniform throughout the states has gained rapid popularity. Last year the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, meeting in Chicago, Illinois, approved a Uniform Veterans' Guardianship Act, embodying the principles on which the bureau's policy is based. The act has been approved by the American Bar Association and the American Legion. Thirty-one state legislatures have already enacted essentially similar measures for the protection of incompetent veterans and their estates. The influence of such organizations as the American Legion, the American Red Cross and the American and State Bar Associations, as well as of individuals interested in the welfare of incompetent veterans and the minor dependents of disabled and deceased veterans, together with efforts of state legislatures to secure legislation to enable the states, through their courts, to coöperate with the bureau, has gone a long way toward accomplishing this desirable purpose.

The federal government's guardianship activities have been under the direction and supervision of Mr. E. E. Odom, the chief of the Guardianship Division, United States Veterans' Bureau, and the fifty-four regional attorneys throughout the country who comprise the extensive legal service of the Veterans' Administration headed by Major William Wolff Smith, the general counsel. At the request of Administrator Frank T. Hines, Major Smith has assumed the responsibility of coördinating this work in every state. When all the states fall into line with the policies mapped out by the Veterans' Administration, such complications as have attended the government's guardianship program thus far will largely disappear, and this new function will come to be carried on as a matter of course. But the burden of treating the neuropsychiatric wreckage of the war will not be lightened for many years to come. The government has entered upon a program from which it cannot turn back, and the states are more and more showing a disposition to coöperate instead of criticize the vast project which the government has undertaken in the interests of both the ex-service man and the taxpayer through the government's Veterans' Administration.

Twelve years ago no one could foresee the complications which have arisen on account of this unhappy situation. Were it not for the program which the federal government is now sponsoring, with the help of most of the states, conditions might be even worse. War has had an insidious manner of not revealing its full horrors until years after the last bomb has been exploded and the last vessel sunk. Death on the battlefield gives way to famine, disease and the slow torture of maimed bodies. These in turn are followed by the breakdown of shattered nervous systems, and sometimes an utter collapse of moral standards. No one will ever be able to calculate accurately the full cost of the last war, and no one is likely to try. But this vast program to relieve the mental derangement which has sprung from that holocaust suggests the magnitude of the sacrifice this country made. With the aid of the states the government will be able to mitigate the economic loss from this mental disintegration, but it will nevertheless remain a distressing blight in the ranks of America's ex-soldiers.

PRAY FOR US LIBRARIANS

By J. THOMAS CORCORAN

ACTORS have their Saint Genesius, brewers their Saint Luke, coal-heavers their Saint Alexander of Comanis, and, hurriedly skipping to the "L's," one learns that laborers, lace-makers, lawyers and locksmiths too have their patrons. "But where," interrupts the librarian, "is the patron saint of my profession? Through which resident of heaven should I make supplication in my necessities?" There are some folks who would answer, "Saint Catherine of Alexandria." That, however, could be hardly the correct answer; for Saint Catherine already has under her care young maidens, female students, wheelwrights, mechanics, theologians, apologists, pulpit orators and philosophers. It seems too much to ask her to be also patroness of librarians. What then, must librarians be negected? There surely ought to be some other alternative.

His Holiness Pope Pius XI, now happily reigning, was once a librarian. Perhaps were he apprised of the patronless condition of his fellow guildsmen, Our Holy Father would take steps to remedy this sad state of affairs. He could hardly refrain from appointing Saint Pamphilus patron of librarians. This saint was of the guild and, better than any non-librarians —saints thought they be—would understand his clients' needs.

What manner of man was this Pamphilus? Who was this priest of Caesarea who went forth from prosaic library walls to the glorious adventure of martyrdom? Pamphilus was of a noble family and Beirut in Phoenicia was his birthplace. As befitted a future librarian, he received a good education. As befitted one who would be a librarian and something more, he then sold all his property and gave the proceeds to the poor. Leaving his own country, Pamphilus went to Alexandria where he studied in the catechetical school. Eventually he came to Caesarea Palestinae. At this period his life begins to grow particularly interesting to librarians.

In Caesarea with its amphitheatre large enough to seat 20,000 spectators, with its canals and aqueducts, with its hippodrome containing a splendid obelisk of rose granite, with its churches and temples, Pamphilus was ordained priest. Here he collected his famous library and here he established a school for theological study. Before Pamphilus's time there had been a library at Caesarea, but merely a private one. On the slight foundation previously laid, he built a public library that won a universal reputation. He collected of the literary output of Origen alone 2,000 titles. When a person recalls that Pamphilus with his own hand transcribed the greater part of these works, he is staggered by the thought. A modern library worker, comparing with the work of Pamphilus, his own oft-times tedious detail work—cataloguing, accessioning, book marking, registration of outgoing and incoming books, and various other necessary but tiresome duties—sees today's tasks shrink almost into the category of recreation.

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When he made his library public, Pamphilus created a need for more books. The multiplication of volumes was no easy task. Today procuring new books is relatively simple. The librarian types, or has someone type, to the nearest publisher or to the bookseller most reasonable in his prices an order for the needed titles; soon the books are on the shelves. Sometimes there is a struggle to balance a budget or to convince a penny-wise library board that a real need exists, but these are as nothing to the task that faced Pamphilus. For him to make two, three or more volumes appear where few or none had been before, was a long, laborious, hand process. Meditating on this, the modern librarian will be moved to whisper a prayer of thanks to Saint Pamphilus that the profession has changed much since the fourth century.

While in a prayerful mood, the librarian should pray for deliverance from anything like a certain snobbishness once exhibited at a London library. Everard Meynell relates the incident in his "Life of Francis Thompson" in these words: "He [Thompson] was willing to tell of the poets he had read in the Guildhall Library, until the police . . . barred the entrance, so ill-dressed and unkempt was he." Far from the benign influence of the sainted librarian of Caesarea was that library. One cannot imagine Pamphilus barring anyone, no matter how shabby or unkempt, from his reading-room. Indigent students found a ready friend in Pamphilus. Them he furnished not only with the necessaries of life, but also with books. Not merely did he loan books to them, he also gave them copies of the Sacred Scriptures, painstakingly wrought by his own hands. Women, too, who were interested in things of the mind were benefited by his gifts of books.

Pamphilus was such a lover of books that one is surprised to learn that he did hardly any writing himself. Only one book, "An Apology for Origen" in five volumes, is attributed to him. Pamphilus was a saint, and saints are above all else humble men. It was his humility that made him feel that his task was to study diligently, transcribe and preserve others' works rather than to create any works of his own genius. Perhaps librarians should give deep thought to this aspect of their saint's life. Pride can easily ruin an efficient librarian to make of him a mediocre writer.

Although Pamphilus wrote hardly any books, he cannot be said to have been an infrequent letter writer. He, busy man that he was, did not stint in sending letters to his friends. Somehow or other that fact seems to add to his approachableness, for it makes one imagine that he resembled the gentle Saint Francis de Sales who also wrote many letters.

Most men require quiet for creative writing. Pamphilus, however, wrote his one book in the hurly-burly of Diocletian's terrible persecution. From 307 to 309 Pamphilus was in prison; but, in spite of the horrible tortures he there endured, he continued to work diligently at his books. Writing or any other work must have caused him wracking pain for his sides had been curried by iron combs; still he wrote on as though he had not exchanged the pleasant bookish atmosphere of his library for the damp and gloom of a prison. His book finished, he sent it as a gift to the Christians in the mines. These Christians were enduring a living martyrdom with their right eyes burned out and the sinews of their left legs cauterized, and this testament strengthened their resolve to suffer all for Christ.

It was upon the first day of June in the year 309 that Pamphilus was born into the better life. After two years of torture and imprisonment "for Christ's faith's sake," he was beheaded. So finishing his testimony, the great librarian of Caesarea became, in Eusebius's words, "that perfect martyr, Pamphilus."

BED

By DOROTHY DAY

TERESA, four and a handful, sat at the library table with her crayons and paper in front of her and tried to ignore the fact that it was getting dark outside and that it was time for her to go to bed.

I sat at my desk trying to write letters.

"Here is a picture of a man, a man dancing and telling a whole lot of stories. He's playing on his catarrh too, and singing songs. Are you listening?"

"That's a lovely picture, darling," absent-mindedly.

"And here is a little boy, and he stays out in the garden all day, not in the house any more, because people are naughty to him. *Lookit!*"

"Uh-huh."

"Lookit!"

"Yes, I see, sweetheart."

"And this is just a man, *muy feo, muy feo. Muy grande boca, muy grande* ears, *asi,* and tomorrow I'll make three or four ears on him. Isn't he a terrible man? *Are you looking?"*

Teresa's conversation as well as her pictures were influenced by her recent stay in Mexico.

"And this is a kitchen with all the dishes hanging on the walls, and here is the Holy Ghost and there's fire-crackers in the kitchen and a fiesta. It's so much noise, I must go outside and play with the childuns. And the Virgin Mary is out there too with a little tiny baby, and this is a picture of me dancing, and the Virgin Mary is dancing too and there are leaves all around. *Do you hear me?"*

The clock struck eight.

"I don't wanna go to bed! I don't wanna go to bed!"

"But you have to go to bed, so come on, honey, and I'll help you unfasten."

"I can do it myself. Lemme do it myself!"

Then one of those hectic helf-hours which mothers know. The bath; the shower, insisted upon to top it off; the splashing all over the bathroom floor; the desire, combated, to mop it up; the giving of the eight drops of concentrated cod liver oil, treated by violet ray, guaranteed to put on eight pounds a week, an elixir of life (only maybe it is the orange juice in which it is given which does the trick); the nightly battle over whether to wear "jamas" or a "nightie"; the insistence on the box of chessmen under the bed to wake up on in the morning.

Then prayers, repeated after me, begun in a kneeling posture, continued in a sitting, relapsing finally into some sort of gymnastic posture.

"Teresa!"

"What!" in pained surprise.

"Either sit down or kneel down, but for goodness' sake keep still."

"Won't the Virgin Mary like it if I try to stand on my head?"

Unanswerable question. I'm sure she does like it, but what is one to say?

"Now come on, hurry up and finish."

"I don't want to hurry up," piously. Teresa continued with a long list of people and things to be blessed by God, and then with a virtuous sense of duty done, she hopped into bed.

"What about a kiss?" she asked coyly.

"Here is a kiss." But it was too definite a one.

"I want lots of them."

"Mm-m. Lots."

"I want tickle kishes. Tickly kishes in the neck."

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"There now, that's enough," very firmly.

"But I wanna drink o' water."

"Here."

"Lookit. A little moss in the glass of water." The little moth which had flown in from the garden just to complicate matters, was dumped down the wash-bowl.

"Did you throw it away?"

"Yes."

"Is it dead?"

"Uhuh."

"Did it get drowned?"

"Probably, and now for goodness' sake go to sleep."

"But I can't. I can't stop laughing. I'm laughing because Ernest was an elephunt. Isn't it funny that Ernest was an elephunt? I'm going to laugh and laugh until I have hiccups. Then you'll have to bring me another glass of water. All night long, you'll have to bring me a glass of water."

I have held Milne's poem of Mary Jane and her "rice pudding for supper again" against him, and now I was beginning to resent his famous elephant which was causing all the giggles.

The small voice rambled on. From the sitting-room I could hear it as it was intended I should.

"Doddee! Are you listening? I want to tell you a story. Once there was a little mouse and a bunny rabbit and the bunny had jamas on and a pretty little hat and he went to the mouse's house for supper and they had bumana and puddum for supper."

The story went on. The requests for attention went on.

"Are you listening to me? Why don't you answer me? I'm not going to sleep. Do you hear that I'm not going to sleep? Why didn't you tell me the story of Old Mother Cupboard who lived in a shoe and had so many childuns she didn't know what to do with them all? And what did Humpty Dumpty fall off the wall for? Was he a naughty boy and did his mama tell him not to climb up? You didn't cut out any paper dolls for me tonight. You didn't let me color the paper dolls that you didn't cut out. You didn't let me—"

There was no end to the things I had not let Teresa do that evening and which she wanted to do besides sleep.

"I want my doll in bed with me. Do you hear me?"

Feeling somewhat guilty by my child's recriminations, I got up and fetched her favorite doll.

"I'm going to tell my doll on you. You wouldn't let me—"

The small accusing voice continued. . . . And then—suddenly I realized that I had been reading for five or ten minutes in complete silence. Once more the nightly miracle had been accomplished. Teresa had fallen asleep.

Coming Upon Your Picture Suddenly—

Coming upon your picture suddenly—
As a lit lamp gropes in a long-dark room
And all the wavering beams in ecstasy
Invade far corners, steady to full bloom—
Coming upon your picture suddenly,
It was a lamp lit in a darkened place
And all my heart was luminous, to see
From the unbounded night of death, your face!
I have been in the dark—Now is the dark
Made beautiful, now sings old pain, the lark,
O grace forgot! O beauty that has gone
Down to the dust once more, alone, alone,
Yea, though we perish, and forgotten fail,
Something of you, some hint of you, prevail!

DOROTHY BENNETT.

COMMUNICATIONS

CHICAGO'S RELIGIOUS ART EXHIBITION

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Readers of THE COMMONWEAL will certainly be surprised that so good a thing as a Religious Art Exhibition should come out of Chicago, but they would be more surprised at the enthusiasm shown by many Chicagoans for the project.

It began in a visit made by a member of the committee to a very nice little Catholic church in a desert of California. The church was modern, made of cement blocks, but of very dignified aspect and thoroughly satisfactory as to outward and inward appearance, except for the Stations, which were machine-made. Objections were made to the priest and he was reminded that in the glorious past of the Church in California all those things were made by members of the congregations. However, it took but little thought to realize that the priest was in no way to blame, that he had no recourse but to use a catalog. Not only the priests have lost all connection with the artists of America but the architects too. The artists have left the churches and have been lost sight of. They have lost connection with the religious tradition as well. So we had several problems when we decided to try to bring together over the situation the artists, the clergy, the architects and the public, in Chicago.

"Chicago Art for Chicago Churches" was our slogan, because many sages of the past and even the present have clamored for a return in each community of community efforts for its own civilization.

We went as far as the Indians of the Southwest for our motto, which we thought very appropriate. It was told the same member of the committee who, by this time, was in the Indian Museum of Tucson. It is as follows: "God said to the Indians, 'I have taught you how to design, but if I ever come and find you copying from each other, I shall take it all away.'"

Could the readers of THE COMMONWEAL think of a better slogan? But we have an even better one from the Psalms for next year's show.

Thus the Indians, primitive and untaught, have a clear idea of the art problem of the modern churches. The clergy, the architects, have all been going about copying, and copying, the artists dying unrecognized as to their function in religion—yet along have come our brothers, the Indians, with their self-evident truths! Much food for thought in that.

We decided to have a non-jury show, except that the works of art must be appropriate for religious edifices and be kept or declined on that condition. The plan grew on us, so that eventually we had three shows going on at once in different parts of the city. The first, and to us the most important, was the one, "Chicago Art for Chicago Churches." The second was the "Guelph Treasure," brought on for the purpose, to show the glories of the Church in her creative past; the third one, entitled "Religious Art Old and New," was a sort of educational project too.

Many other things went on at the same time, owing to the incredible fertility of imagination of the president of the Renaissance Society, Mrs. Eve Watson Schutze, who was the sympathetic, intelligent center of the whole demonstration. We had several sacred concerts, one by the Paulist Choir, several lectures and a play, all in honor of what finally became a Festival of Religious Art.

We hope to make the affair an annual event and gradually educate Chicago, at least, to an understanding of the problem as an intelligent preliminary to action.

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Although this first attempt took on already quite a Chicago air, we realize that in many places, notably in New York, similar projects are under way, and we look to a fruitful co-operation with all such groups.

All religious denominations were represented on our committee, and several eminent architects and laymen. Monsignor Shannon represented the Catholic Church.

The Renaissance Society of the University of Chicago, a group of people interested in art, and affiliated with the University Department of Art, were sponsors of our festival.

FRANCES LILLIE, *Chairman.*

INDUSTRIAL PATERNALISM

Sioux City, Iowa.

TO the Editor: In his "Industrial Paternalism" Mr. William Collins has contributed an interesting article to the pages of THE COMMONWEAL of April 22, 1931. He does not approve of "bonuses, group insurance, athletic programs, stock ownership, profit sharing, and shop committees"; he recommends, instead, collective bargaining for wages and working conditions. Mr. Collins is right in asserting that the so-called welfare methods are not the solution of the acute industrial depression and of labor difficulties. But is collective bargaining for wages and working conditions the sought-for remedy? We may agree with the American Federation of Labor that the problem of unemployment is not overproduction, but underconsumption. But will the giving of real wages (by the way, just what are real wages in the opinion of Mr. Collins?) and shortening of the work day and of the work week increase the buying power of the masses and provide the markets that will absorb the production of the manufactured goods? Will it?

Welfare methods and collective bargaining both have their good and their weak points. The cost of both, the welfare methods and collective bargaining, is, in the end, not borne by the manufacturer, but by the public. Both benefit at best only certain labor classes and the rest of the masses pay for it. It is the old story: higher cost of production—higher cost of goods manufactured. Neither welfare methods nor collective bargaining goes to the bottom of the difficulty. And what is at the bottom of the difficulty? Mr. Collins points it out when he speaks of the "profit motive" and describes "keeping the profits high" as "the crux of the whole operation of modern industry." Now, why do labor leaders, men interested in and solicitous about the welfare of the masses, which include also the farmers, unskilled workers, etc., why do they not tackle that "profit motive" and make exorbitant income from whatsoever source impossible? Surely, there must be a way to do it.

The Socialists, and others before them, used to tell us that all men are equal. This, of course, is a half-truth, neither entirely true nor entirely untrue. Men are equal inasmuch as they are human beings, children of the same heavenly Father, endowed with the right to life and a modicum of happiness in this world and the means to that end. Men are unequal inasmuch as they differ from one another in mental and bodily faculties, character, etc. The crucial question is: Does this inequality among men justify one man to receive a yearly income of a million dollars or more, whilst another man receives a yearly income of only one thousand dollars or less? And if not, then such an enormous difference in yearly income must be made impossible. There must be set a limit beyond which the income of no man may go, even though a certain difference in yearly income is justified and must be permitted. What means is there to set such a limit? It is a steadily progressing rate of income tax.

Let us say, by way of example, that the federal income tax on a $1,000 (or less) income be .01 percent; on an income from $1,000 to $2,000 the tax would be .02 percent; on an income of $10,000 the tax would be 1 percent; on a $12,000 income the tax would be 1.2 percent; on a $20,000 income the tax would be 2 percent; on a $100,000 income the tax would be 10 percent; on a $500,000 income the tax would be 50 percent; and an income of $1,000,000 (or more) would have to be turned over whole to the tax collector. There would be no more million- or half-million-dollar incomes; there should never have been such incomes. This tax should be paid on all income from wages, salary, commissions, interest, dividends, rent, profit, etc. No exemptions should be permitted. And this tax should be paid by every individual with an income, be it man, woman, or child, or estate. The income of corporations need not be taxed where corporations consist of individuals among whom the income of the corporation is distributed. With the exorbitant income done away with, the manufactured goods would become cheaper; the buying power of the masses, the entire public, would be increased and would provide the markets that will absorb production. Collective bargaining for wages and working conditions, in favor of unionized labor, will do it to a very small degree only, if at all.

Do I think such an income tax will become the law of the country? I do not. As in the past, manufacturers and working classes will each have their own interest at heart, instead of the interest of all. Mere palliatives will be sought, fought for, and applied, until the country becomes the prey of Communism, and manufacturer and workingman alike become serfs and lose every vestige of personal liberty and individual initiative.

JOSEPH KAUFMAN.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH MR. WRIGHT?

Seattle, Wash.

TO the Editor: Contrary to the feeling of Father Gillis that Mr. Cuthbert Wright's "Liturgical Problems" veiled a subtle arrogance, I felt in the reading and later in the rereading of that article that Mr. Wright expressed in a very open and simple manner, a truth which Catholics have almost feared to press. I find no thought or word in Mr. Wright's splendid paper, assuming or presuming that Anglicans are better interpreters of a papal encyclical, but what I remarked especially was how much more clearly this particular Anglican sensed the power and spirit of the Holy Father's wish than have many subjects of the same Pontiff.

Here in the Northwest, a little group has met each Sunday ever since the Catholic Hour was inaugurated and our only criticism (we are Catholics, too) has been that Father Finn scarcely gives to the vast radio audience the true music of the Church—the plain chant. One may listen all through Sunday programs to music of the Choristers' type given, in varying modes, by non-Catholic choirs, but one too seldom hears the beautiful liturgical chant, which to know is to love.

Father Gillis, for a scholar, was terribly lacking in logic, and I am almost tempted to say in charity. An argument *ad hominem* is unfair in such a matter. "Anglican orders" is far beside the point. Liturgical, plain chant was the subject! And it is good for THE COMMONWEAL to have opened it. The approbation of three Popes, often given at the request of some interested party, certainly does not stamp a man or his work absolutely in accord with the spirit of the Pontiff. Polyphony, according to the "Motu Proprio," is permitted—but, it should be noted, only permitted. It is the Gregorian chant that is *commanded* (sic).

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I believe Father Gillis must have regretted the final paragraph when he saw his first letter in print. A man may dedicate himself to a cause in good faith, but if the cause is viewed by him in a manner contrary to the spirit of the cause his "unflagging zeal" may be all in vain.

Surely Father Finn has a sense of humor that would appreciate the pleasant criticism given by Mr. Wright, and let us hope he will find therein, for examen, some point that will throw a new light on the true word and spirit of the great "Motu Proprio."

CHOIRMASTER.

THE STEPS ARE EMPTY

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL, in the issue of April 22, had a short editorial on the exclusion of loiterers from the porch and steps of the 42nd Street Library.

Therein you cited a few reasons for approving it, and also disapproved it on the score of "color." It is my opinion color is all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go all the way.

There is a much better reason for allowing people to exchange a little cheerful talk on the library steps. In various parts of the country, whispers and murmurs are heard that a little humanity must be infused into the social and economic system. Possibly these murmurs have not been heard at the New York Library, nor at the stronghold of Big Money, the terminal of the New York Central Railroad.

There seems to be a thoroughgoing campaign to dehumanize the New York Public Library. Not long since a large part of the newspaper reading-room was cut off from the public. About the same time most of the seats were removed from the halls.

I have been in and out of the library many, many times in recent years, and I am sure did not feel offended or degraded when I saw many whiling away a few minutes at the door. Possibly it must be done to flatter the chestiness of "Pawkavnoo," and to win the flattery of visitors in their gay clothes from Rhode Island, Rockford, Roanoke, etc.

R.

ABOUT CATS

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: I have two grievances against our ever-loved COMMONWEAL in its issue of May 6. In the first place, some slip of type-reading makes the opening paragraph of my review, "Another Unfinished Symphony," ask "*whom* would dare to prophesy Willa Cather's next step in creation"—and no author can be expected quite to like that.

But my second and far greater regret is for the little editorial "About Cats." Probably I lack a robust sense of humor—I've always suspected it!—for I can find nothing funny about the traditional cat-baiting so common in American journalism. Indeed, I imagine most readers who follow the Great Lover of Assisi even "afar off" will scarcely see an object of comedy in one of the most despised and neglected of our smaller animals.

It seems to me that in France and England the cat is better recognized for what it really is—an essentially domestic creature, a pet, a candidate neither for "chloroform" nor "bullets" but for a home. One would like to know why in our own humane country puss is so often merely tolerated, when not harried or ridiculed. For to the initiated, the beauty and subtlety of these feline creatures is a constant delight: while serious as the shortcomings of cats may be, I have never observed any which men and women do not share.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Season in Retrospect

THE THEATRE is always astonishing. It is always the world's greatest concentrated effort to create illusion, and through illusion to recapture dreams. It is haunted by the world's vagabonds, fed by the poets, given shelter by the gamblers and knocked about by the gusts of popular fancy. It belongs neither to the temple nor to the market-place. It is too commercial for one and not practical enough for the other. It falls to pieces if you try to make a pulpit of it, yet you cannot turn it into a business without smashing the very power of illusion it lives by. It dies with the final curtain every night, but comes to life again in less than a day with its magic unimpaired and its glamor more luminous than ever. It borrows from many arts without ever becoming a recognized art in itself. We speak often of the arts of the theatre, but we cannot speak properly of the art of the theatre, unless we are willing to roll into one mysterious entity the playwright, the director, the actors, the scenic designers and the audience, without which the theatre, as theatre, cannot live. Yet next to the religion of men, there is nothing which keeps so everlastingly young as the theatre. It outlives empires and whole civilizations. It is so much a part of our lives as to be a commonplace, yet it stands as far apart from life as the most fragile dream.

During the last year, the American theatre has become more than ever a battle-ground. In one sense, there has never been more devotion put into it. Groups have sprung up in every part of the country dedicated to keeping it alive, and right in New York, at the Civic Repertory Theatre, we have seen the bravest effort ever made to restore the particular glamor which is the theatre's birthright. But we have also seen the rising power of the screen, backed by gigantic banking resources determined to give it the efficiency of a steel mill or a cigarette sales campaign. In the end, the theatre can only benefit from such a competitor, as it will be forced back to its own finest possibilities in order to live at all—in order, that is, to establish the fact that the screen is no true competitor after all, but merely a separate form of entertainment, as distinct as the ball game or the golf course. But for the time being, the theatre has been somewhat stunned by the sight of the new mammoth, and instead of living its own life, has been beguiled into trying to change its own formulae.

Another form of attack on the theatre has come from the sophisticates, many of whom profess to be the theatre's most devoted friends. What they are doing, without quite realizing it, is to kill the theatre slowly through a sort of mental alcoholism. They are driving it to a sort of frenzy which will end in complete exhaustion. That which is permanent in the theatre, and of its very essence, is its power to give dreams the cast of reality, but not the effort to give reality the cast of a dream. If we take all the ugly things, and the sordid things, all the cheap wit and paltry egotism of sophisticated life, all the adultery and perversion and grossness and spangled evil, and throw it together in what we call the "realistic" theatre, then we are simply doing for the theatre what the drunkard does for himself when he tries to escape the ugliness of life through alcohol. We take situations which would be tragic if they were duplicated in our own lives and try, through the inherent magic of the theatre, to make them appear trivial and amusing. For a brief spell, this seems to energize the theatre. But in the end, it will bring disillusion and a sense of surfeit and decay.

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As an excellent example of this alcoholic theatre, one might take Philip Barry's play, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." It was one of the recognized candidates for the Pulitzer award, in competition with "Five Star Final," "Green Grow the Lilacs," "Once in a Lifetime" and "Alison's House." I referred to it last week as a play of successfully concealed adultery. This may hurt the feelings of that large group of sophisticates who consider it a tender and beautiful romance. But its tenderness and romance are all of the alcoholic variety. That is, they consist in taking an ugly fact—which would have many tragic implications in real life—and neutralizing it by a heavy dose of false sentiment and spurious modern psychology. Robert Benchley is one of the few critics with enough common sense to recognize that the doctor, who takes advantage of his position in the household to draw the affections of the wife, is an unadulterated cad. But the majority of the critics, and most of the audiences, have succumbed to a sentimental jag, in which they accept the wife's concealed infidelity as something courageous and beautiful. In brief, this play makes the theatre a place for glossing over harsh realities.

What I wish to contrast with the alcoholic theatre is the only theatre which has shown lasting vitality through the ages —the theatre of the poets. Poets, like the great mystics, are not afraid of reality, nor even of tragic frustration. But they understand the power of dreams in leading men out of themselves and beyond themselves. They do not try to tell people that an ugly reality is beautiful. But they do try to show that beauty may be forged out of ugliness—not by giving a false exterior to ugliness, but by forcing what is ugly to nourish a fresh seed of beauty. Poets understand the creative power of suffering—so much so that instead of trying to forget suffering in a drunken frenzy, they even welcome it. They know that the law of birth springs from the law of suffering, and they are strongly enough rooted in honest realism to accept this towering paradox. Thus you will find the poets of the ages writing, in their tragedies, stories of purgation and cleansing fires, or, in their comedies, stories of difficulties surmounted and dreams realized, not by instantaneous magic, but by meeting squarely the perplexities and absurdities of a very hard and real life.

It is this theatre of the poets which, I believe, has suffered the most during the last year. It was beautifully represented by Susan Glaspell's "Alison's House," a play which met an unmerciful barrage of sophisticated criticism the moment it was announced as the winner of the Pulitzer award. It was also represented, in a curiously rough and negative way, by parts of the tragedy of "Five Star Final"—by the heated fury with which Mr. Weitzenkorn attacked the sprawling evil of the tabloid press. But the play ended in despair, because it was a play that set out to prove a point rather than a play of human character such as a real poet would have sought. A much finer example of the poetic instinct was Lynn Rigg's effort in "Green Grow the Lilacs." Here, in something which often verged on the tragic, one had a picture of the stuff which the pioneers of the Southwest forged out of a violent nature and a rough and tumble and often cruel border civilization. Occasionally the poetic substance was obscured by the effort to be "poetic" in the writing, but there was plenty of tang and tough fiber and honest appraisal of difficulties to offset the occasional lapses into soft expression.

The real home of the poetic theatre has been, of course, the Civic Repertory organization on 14th Street, where Miss Le Gallienne not only produced "Alison's House" and kept richly alive such contrasting classics as "Peter Pan" and "Romeo and Juliet," but injected an entirely new spiritual significance into the antique forms of "Camille," and continued to find enraptured audiences for Sierra's "Cradle Song" and for those delicious bits of Spanish sentiment and drollery, "The Women Have Their Way," and "The Lady from Alfaqueque," both from the pens of the Quintero brothers. Her repertory list is too long to repeat here, but it would take almost an historical perspective to appreciate fully how far she has gone toward restoring, in a quiet way, much of the old magic of the theatre. Sophisticated New York must still be wondering what lay back of the amazing demonstration after the Civic's last performance of this year, when clamoring crowds remained in and about the theatre until two o'clock in the morning, trying to express their admiration of what five years of devoted effort had accomplished. The poets could explain the reason for this, but they might prefer to let reality speak for them. Such demonstrations do not happen along Broadway since the sophisticates took charge. The successes of the sophisticated theatre are registered in more metallic ways, and are counted on machines rather than simply and forthrightly in human hearts and emotions.

As for the motion picture giant, from whose depradations the theatre is apparently—and only apparently—suffering, it has been quite obvious during the last year that Hollywood is making swift progress in perfecting the mechanical technique of the talking picture, and in discovering a few of the possibilities which sound recording open up. When I said above that the movies offer a totally different form of entertainment from the stage, I did not mean to imply that stage plays cannot successfully be transferred to the screen. Many of them can. But they will always remain a substitute for the human reality of a stage with living actors, just as phonograph records have remained a substitute for seeing and hearing the concert singer or orchestra. Where the movies enter on an entirely new form of entertainment is in the successful re-creation of large scale historical episodes, as in "All Quiet on the Western Front" or in "The Dawn Patrol," and in the telling of stories which depend heavily on the authenticity and breadth of scenic setting, as in "Trader Horn," or on great flexibility of scenic sequence, as in Western adventure tales. The movies will become increasingly the entertainment medium for telling stories of action, or for transporting audiences across the world or back through history. They should also, with a little applied imagination, become the medium for re-creating fanciful legend, through the marvels of trick photography. It is quite simple, for example, to picture on the screen all the vagaries of "Alice in Wonderland"—all her astounding growths and contractions, and the dozen favorite incidents which could never be given the proper illusion on the stage. But all this still leaves to the theatre itself that which is most truly the genius of the theatre—the work of the poets in transcribing complex and sensitive human emotions.

Imagine, if you can, the delicate character shadings of a Chekhov play transposed to the screen, or the beauty of the last act of O'Neill's "Great God Brown," or the fragile tenderness of "Alison's House." Wherever the interest centers on character rather than on story, a play finds its only adequate expression within the four walls of a theatre. But this also happens to be the type of play which expresses most fully the true genius of the theatre. If the movies force the theatre to do only the very things which it can do best, then the movies will have brought about a rebirth of honest drama. The theatre is always astonishing, but never more so than when, guided by poets, it reaches into the soul and draws forth the mystery of human dreams.

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BOOKS

Augustinian Essays

A Monument to Saint Augustine, by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., Maurice Blondel, Christopher Dawson, Étienne Gilson, Jacques Maritain, C. C. Martindale, S.J., Eric Przywara, S.J., John-Baptist Reeves, O.P., B. Roland-Gosselin, E. I. Watkin. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

THIS is a collection of essays published to commemorate the fifteenth centenary of Saint Augustine. Among all the books in English published for that purpose, the "Monument to Saint Augustine" is by long odds the most notable. It was an achievement to get so many authorities on Augustinian matters to collaborate upon a single work. Blondel, Gilson, Maritain, Dawson, Przywara, Watkin—only Saint Augustine could bring together such a galaxy of brilliant experts each of whom enjoys a reputation for independence of thought no less than for eminence of learning. Of the ten essays which make up this collection, not a single one fails to stimulate. Several are of exceptional value. All are unusually good.

Christopher Dawson opens the series with two papers on the age of Saint Augustine, such as only the author of "Religion and Progress" could write. The first is a discriminating survey of the condition of culture and civilization in the early ages of Christianity up to and including the fifth century. Gibbon, Bury, Stein, Rostovtzeff and the modern historians as a whole come in for some sharp criticism for attempting to interpret the history of those ages from the purely secular point of view. The ecclesiastical historians are blamed for failing to take into account the findings of the secular historians. "We have to go back to Tillemont," says Mr. Dawson, "to find an historian who is equally competent in both fields." This essay is closely packed with serious history and bears the stamp of that rare originality which is the love of truth. Mr. Dawson's second essay is an unusually adequate study of Saint Augustine's "City of God" as it influenced the development of Christendom in Western Europe.

Although the mysticism of Saint Augustine enlivens his whole life and thought, Mr. E. I. Watkin has the perspicacity to realize that "in Augustine, philosophy, speculative or dogmatic theology, devotion and mystical intuition are still mainly *in globo* and we cannot hope to sift out completely any one of these factors." Hence, scientific mystical theology has little to learn from Saint Augustine; but as regards the psychological and theological presuppositions and principles of mystical theology, the case is far otherwise. It is observations such as these which make Mr. Watkin's article thoroughly worthy of the author of "The Philosophy of Mysticism."

Four of these essays, each quite characteristic of its author, taken together form a remarkably good synthetic study of the vitality of the thought of Saint Augustine. They are the essays by Maritain, Gilson, Przywara and Blondel.

Jacques Maritain writes with his habitual grace and felicity of expression on the inner unity of purpose which marks the philosophy of Saint Augustine and that of Saint Thomas Aquinas. He points to many instances in which reciprocal influences of Augustinian and Thomistic traditions are necessary for the growth and preservation of a Christian philosophy. These two traditions are not antagonistic but mutually complementary; in their harmonious development lies the promise of the future.

Étienne Gilson analyzes the meaning of Augustinianism as a metaphysic. He studies the factors which give to it its perennial vitality and assure the persistance of its influence in Chris-

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tian thought. He does not minimize the difficulties and obstacles resulting from conflicting historical interpretations of Saint Augustine—the Cartesian aberrations and the modern ontologistic distortions of his thought—nor does he fail to realize that the very incompleteness of Augustinianism as a systematic structure is itself an obstacle. Still, M. Gilson sees in the assimilative power of Augustinian thought a guarantee of its future vitality and influence.

Eric Pryzwara's article, though crammed with erudition, is most readable. He traces the current of that trend of mind generally characterized as Augustinian, through the maze of modern philosophy and picks out its most significant historical phases. Through Descartes, Malebranche, Pascal, Gratry, Hegel and Kierkegard the current flows and gives even to the most unacceptable systems of thought the modicum of truth which they possess. The same stream, now cleansed of the impurities with which idealism had polluted it, flows clear and limpid through the mind of Newman, whom Pryzwara calls "the *Augustinus redivivus* of modern times." The thought of Saint Augustine thus continues to nourish the minds of modern men and "amidst the torrent which bears all things to their doom, keeps their gaze calmly fixed upon God Who is the End."

Maurice Blondel displays the delicate finesse of thought and language which have won him his enviable reputation as a subtle thinker and a charming writer. He explores the latent resources of Augustinian thought, its enigmas and its paradoxes, and brilliantly expounds the bold teachings of the great Bishop of Hippo, who faced the concrete and complete problem of man as he is in the unity of his destiny and his more than natural condition. From these reflections he concludes that "Saint Augustine has more to give us than he has yet done. . . . The future reserves for the doctrine of Augustine a fruitful activity far surpassing the influence it has exercised in the past."

From these four essays, so different in their approach, so far apart in method, so divergent in their inspiration, one insistent thought emerges; the philosophy which molded mediaeval Christian thinking on the great problems of man's life and destiny has lost none of its vitality through the fifteen hundred years since Saint Augustine set it forth. On the contrary it still provides food for deep reflection and holds the promise of still greater fruit in future generations for all who will penetrate its depths, assimilate its spirit and develop its latent power.

In his article on the life and character of Saint Augustine, Father Martindale writes with authority while Father D'Arcy exposes in broad outlines the philosophy of the African bishop. The discrimination used by these two writers in choosing salient points for emphasis and passing over less important ones which the exigencies of space forbade to be more fully discussed, compensates for the brevity of their treatment. The humanism of Saint Augustine is the subject of Father John-Baptist Reeves's contribution, and Father Bernard Roland-Gosselin discusses Saint Augustine's system of morals. Both these papers deal with important aspects of Saint Augustine's thought, his cultured outlook on life, his debt to the pagan past, his love of letters, on the one hand, and the balanced direction of his moral life toward wisdom and beatitude, on the other.

I cannot recall a single book that it has been my privilege to read within the last few years from which I derived more profit and pleasure. In its pages one finds deep thought simply expressed, sincerity and thorough competence, scholarship, reverence and that spirit of loving devotion to the cause of truth which the very human yet very holy personality of Saint Augustine invariably inspires.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

A School for Smatterings

Universities: American, English, German, by Abraham Flexner. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

IN THE heydey of his fame, Cardinal Newman wrote a noble essay entitled "The Idea of a University," which has remained to this day as one of the most moving expositions of the duty and function of the university in the building of an enduring and deserving civilization. In a volume of late 1930, Dr. Abraham Flexner, noted American scientist and educator, has to a large extent followed the methodology of the great English cardinal over half a century ago, by beginning his discussion with a promulgation of his own idea of a modern university, followed by three longish essays discussing critically the present structure, method and purpose of the modern university —American, English and German. The most interesting thing about this keen and striking discussion is Dr. Flexner's vigorous excoriation of the trends of university education in America.

The volume had its origin in lectures which the American savant made at Oxford in May, 1928, on the invitation of the Rhodes Trust. The original lectures have, however, been expanded until in their present form they constitute more than an examination, really a critical indictment of the modern educational process. Dr. Flexner has a consuming regret over the departure of the modern university from its traditional dual function of the conservation of learning and the quest for knowledge, becoming rather a school for giving smatterings in the techniques of the trades of life.

In all civilizations up to the present, those who have administered universities have been keenly conscious of the rôle that the university must play in keeping lighted the lamp of learning, learning not for dollars and cents, but as a thing supremely desirable for its own sake. There is perhaps no better terse statement of this than the Latin phrase adopted by Havard as its motto: "Crescat scientia, vita amplitur" (Let science rise and life become more abundant).

Of late, American institutions of so-called learning have been departing more and more from this admirable precept. They have been placing an increasing emphasis upon technical and technological instruction of their students in precise trades and professions, to the gross neglect of that broader culture, that more pervasive and stimulating knowledge of life as a whole, upon which real education depends for even proximate success. Dr. Flexner has termed this new educative trend "ad-hoc-ness," a curious word coinage, which he has derived from the Latin words meaning "to this," or "to a purpose." American colleges and universities have literally gone wild in offering these "ad hoc" courses, Dr. Flexner charges. He does not deny that there is need to give technical instruction to plumbers or to typists, but he insists that it is not the function of a university to teach Susan Smith how to use Gregg's phonetic symbols of stenography. Let business colleges and technical schools do tasks of this sort. Let the universities of the country perform their proper duty of conserving learning and seeking truth.

One of the most amusing of the features of the Flexner book is his compilation of courses offered in American universities. At Chicago, for example, one finds a university course offered in police administration!

At Columbia, students seeking degrees as Bachelor of Arts may include in their courses of study such guerdons of culture as these: principles of advertising; the writing of advertising copy; advertising layouts; practical poultry raising; secretarial booking; business English; elementary stenography; newspaper practice; feature writing; book reviewing; wrestling, judo and

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self-defense. In addition, Columbia has created what it terms "The School of Practical Arts," in which, one can take for credit on a baccalaureate degree courses in: fundamental processes in cookery; fundamental problems in clothing; clothing decoration; family meals; recent research in cookery; food etiquette and hospitality; principles of home laundering; social life of the home; gymnastics and dancing for men, including practice in clog dancing; and instruction in school orchestras and bands.

While Columbia and Chicago, great private institutions with huge endowments, have been thus diluting their instruction in real subjects with such university vapidities as above outlined other institutions the country over have been vying with them. At the University of Wisconsin, the student can offer as credits for an A. B. degree, courses in: nursing: drug store practice; first aid to the injured; community recreation; elementary costume designing; principles of coaching; and kinesiology, this last another new one.

In Teachers College at Columbia, there is a "professor of extra curricular activities." Dartmouth has a professor of biography, and Michigan has a professorship "of biolinguistics." The prize of them all is Vassar's Institute of Euthenics. The origin of this extraordinary institute seems to be quite up to its name. One of the girls at Vassar once gave vent to a profound question, doubtless while hopelessly struggling with the perplexities of plot derivation of "Midsummer Night's Dream." "What is the connection of Shakespeare with having a baby?" she asked of her professor, who retailed the query to the higher-ups. In consequence of this almost Socratic query, Vassar College founded its Institute of Euthenics, euthenics being defined as "the science of efficient living," and as no doubt indicating the connection between Shakespeare and the perpetuation of the race.

The university in America is not the only institution which Dr. Flexner has examined. His criticism of the English universities, while not so extended, is quite vigorous, and his insistence that all of England has not a modern medical college with proper equipment, clinic and technique, is an indictment of the haphazard growth of British medical science. While sympathetic in the main toward the English conception of a liberal education, the American authority seems both amused and vexed by the queer growths at Cambridge and at Oxford. With German universities he is much more sympathetic and it is obvious that these great Continental institutions approach much more closely to his idea of what a university ought to be.

The Flexner book is one which both the administrators and the teachers of American institutions of so-called higher learning ought to read. It will do them good to have the shock of this dash of cold water thrown upon some of their "accomplishments." It is interestingly written, and indicates that its author has a vigorous mind and some very healthy prejudices.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

Twin Celebrities

The Two Carlyles, by Osbert Burdett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company. $4.00.

HOWEVER drab the Victorian age may seem to the sophisticated critic of the twentieth century, it has provided an apparently inexhaustible pasture for biographers. Year after year fresh herds of these industrious gentlemen browse over the familiar reputations. The Carlyle pasturage is perhaps the richest of them all. Ever since Froude bustled into print, less than a year after Carlyle's death, the literary public has wanted to know anything and everything about the marital relations of the irritable sage and his brilliant, sharp-tongued, lovable wife.

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NEXT WEEK

CAPITALISM, COMMUNISM, CATHOLICISM, by T. O'R. Boyle, dispels some extremely popular generalizations as to the fixed alliance or opposition of the Catholic Church and certain economic systems. The position of the Church is one which has regard to basic principles necessary to protect the independence and dignity of the individual, an immortal. The article is provocative of reflection on the practices essential in any system if it is to have the virtues that will recommend it to the sympathy and loyalty of that preponderant number of mankind who are not determinedly anti-social and unmoral. . . . FOR THE ELECT, by John B. McDonald, lets a little light into those pearly colored nuances, or mists, of lay dogmatizing which have been not too roughly united under the name of the New Humanism, and reveals the true source of the spiritual light which "is needed to make life understandable, livable, purposeful, beautiful, no matter what conditions of society, what race, what climate, one may claim.". . . The personality of a city whose lovers make ballads about her, instead of lyrics, is described by Anna Kelly in that popular mental ambularium for those who let their fancies roam, PLACES AND PERSONS. . . . SOUND AND FURY, by William C. Murphy, jr., explains that what to many seems a useless squabble intermittently going on between Congress and President of the United States, actually is the system of checks and balances devised by the founders of our government working itself out in practical ways. . . . THE END OF AN AGE, by James W. Lane, suggests the signs of the end of the age of jazz and the prospects of a new era which will be at least a little less hectic and strident. . . . HILLTOP IN MAY, by Robert Sparks Walker, identifies for us the familiar and lovely elements in the scene out of doors at this season.

The great merit of Osbert Burdett's biography is that he has depicted the lights and shades of their married life with strict impartiality. Thomas and Jane Welsh emerge from his pages not as a demon and an angel but as two lovers, equally wholehearted and equally lovable. There is much to be said for Mr. Burdett's method of writing the life of a ménage. If it is true that the unit of society is the family and not the individual, why not attempt a family portrait instead of always concentrating upon one fraction of the family? But the objection to the method is obvious. Family portraits are not usually a success.

In this case the artist is so possessed by the man and wife aspect of the Carlyles that he forgets that after all they had an independent existence. Jane Welsh suffers more from this method of portraiture than Carlyle. It is true that she worshiped her husband, and it is probably true that she was bitterly disappointed at not having any children, but it is not fair to assume that her whole life was frustrated on that account. Mr. Burdett seems to have taken as his text "man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," and applied it to the Carlyles without reserve. Surely her letters, the most witty, charming letters of the century, refute this theory. A woman as capable and as intelligent as Jane Welsh, whose society was eagerly sought by such men as Cavaignac and Mazzini, could not have been so utterly dependent upon her husband as Mr. Burdett suggests.

And yet could any woman have made a better wife for Carlyle than Jane Welsh? How she shielded him from the world when he was struggling with "that unutterable book" on Frederick the Great, or when he was passing through what she called "the valley of the shadow of Cromwell." And when he complained of the noises of neighboring dogs and pianos, how tenderly she bore with his irritability. A genius with a disordered digestion might well have tried the patience of a less temperamental woman than Jane Welsh, but when that genius happened to be a peasant, who wielded his pen like a cudgel and who chafed against the very life he had elected, is it surprising that their home did not always reflect an atmosphere of sweetness and light? Mr. Burdett has explored the whole matrimonial relationship with scrupulous care. He is rather inclined to pontificate on the subject of married life, but when he confines himself to Thomas and Jane we read with delight.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

What Is the World?

The Mysterious Universe, by Sir James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

SOME time ago I reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL a book by Sir James Jeans, "The Universe around Us," in which he described the recent results of astronomy and of atomic physics in their close relation. The present book is a sequel to the former in which Jeans draws conclusions of a more general nature, emphasizing that especially the last chapter contains merely his own interpretations.

As motto, the first page contains a quotation from Plato on the appearance as shadow of the reality.

Starting out in a partly historical way, the first chapter gives a rather gloomy picture of organic life, occurring on an insignificant planet which moves as a tiny speck through vast empty space. This life, that might have come about by an "accident," is destined after a relatively short interval to extinction through the universal cooling down of the world.

The next two chapters are devoted to a description of the general concepts of physics, starting with primitive people, who ascribed every happening to capricious spirits, to the great suc-

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cess of the coöperation of mathematics and mechanics which began in the eighteenth century and led to the belief that all phenomena in physics could be described mechanically, as the motion of particles. A generalization of this was the conviction that the whole universe could be considered as a huge engine, which could be completely visualized.

Jeans then outlines the breakdown of this concept in modern physics, showing how even matter has lost in some respects, if analyzed closely enough, the property of being describable as an accumulation of particles.

In the last chapter the author draws the general conclusion. He emphasizes that all the experimental results can be described accurately through mathematical methods, even when we cannot form in our mind an image of what is going on. It is significant that, as has repeatedly happened in the last thirty years, mathematicians had developed concepts and methods in quite an abstract manner without any thought to application, and many years later physicists in the development of their science stumbled on them and could take them over bodily. As Jeans says on page 138, "Nature seems very conversant with the rules of pure mathematics." As a result of this many physicists believe that if we have described a physical phenomenon completely by a mathematical formula, that is all that can be known about it.

Or as Jeans says, "The universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine. Man no longer appears as an accidental intruder into the realm of matter."

The eighteenth-century deist pictured the Creator as the great engineer (the great Architect of the Freemasons?). Jeans says (p. 140) : "Summed up very crudely and quite inadequately . . . the universe appears to have been designed by a pure mathematician."

KARL F. HERZFELD.

Hands Across

England—Her Treatment of America, by George Henry Payne. New York: Sears Publishing Company. $3.50.

THIS interesting book is built about the argument that a drastic house-cleaning of the Englishman's mind of ancient propagandistic cobwebs, as well as a severe surgical operation upon his governing mentality to remove inherited diplomatic cankers, is essential before America can enter trustfully into any close alliance with Britain to maintain the peace of the world.

There will be those who, admirably imbued with a sincere desire for such an alliance, may regret this book, but they will be idealistic believers in a change of heart overnight, who cry: "Let the dead past be buried," frequently forgetting that the dead past has a way of unpleasantly resurrecting itself at awkward moments. Students of history will be glad to see this first complete summary of the diplomatic negotiations between the countries from the founding of the republic to the present time, and will understand Mr. Payne's unquestionably patriotic motive in writing it. His preface quotes: "I know of only one way of judging of the future, and that is by the past." Certainly not much in world progress has been gained by the "hush-hush" historical method. If certain facts are facts, be they to our own discredit or to that of another nation, let us have them by all means—their open knowledge will lay the only firm foundation for ethical coöperation.

Mr. Payne has searched historical documents, congressional and parliamentary reports, English and American newspapers dating from 1783 to the present, and has not gleaned from them any too flattering a picture of English diplomacy, exercised,

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where possible, at our expense. He quotes, fairly, the many English writers and statesmen who have protested in the past at the Palmerstonian methods of their own government, and emphasizes that our grievances have never been with the English people or intellectuals, but solely with the governing class.

His chapters on "Our Fate in the Pacific" and "The Extraordinary de Bunsen Mission," are of exceptional interest, and written with the clarity and force that make stimulating reading. The latter chapter reveals for the first time that England, while waging a joint war with her ally, America, and depending on us for ships, money and men, sent Sir Maurice de Bunsen on a mission to South America, publicly alleged to be for the furtherance of the Allied cause, but really for the purpose of effecting a secret treaty with Brazil which would give England every exclusive trade advantage with that country and an eventual monopoly of the building of shipyards and ships. Our State Department discovered the plan, and on our vigorous protest, the treaty was abandoned.

Those Americans who are Anglophiles should not be disturbed by the fear that this book will be responsible for the postponement of a desirable alliance with England. English writers have been doing all they could, for some time, to effect such a postponement. When both the English and American press have been, for years, howling about "what is wrong with America, from an Englishman's view," and publishing the gratuitous criticism of the Bernard Shaws and the J. B. Priestlys, and when Sir Frank Fox in his book. "The Mastery of the Pacific," can be allowed to state serenely such things as: "The Americans stayed out [of the war] whilst there was money in neutrality, and then joined at the last moment to do their best out of the peace," it is a move toward a saner balance to have the criticism pointed, for once, in the other direction.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

Before 1870

Imperial Brother: The Life of the Duc de Morny, by Maristan Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE FIRST question which comes to one's mind after reading this book, is whether it is meant to be a novel, or a historical biography. If the first, it ought to have contained more striking and entertaining episodes than it does; if the second, after perusing its first page, one would lose interest because of the many mistakes. How any writer tackling a historical subject known to almost every school boy or girl, could write that Louis Bonaparte was the nephew of the great Napoleon, and that Hortense de Beauharnais became her stepfather's niece when she married him, is absolutely amazing, in view of the fact that the King of Holland was the brother of the emperor, and that tons of ink have been used to describe the part played by the latter in Louis Bonaparte's ménage, and in a not too favorable light either. This error is so absurd that it destroys from the very first any interest the reader might otherwise take in the book.

And this is not the only infringement on historical truth that Miss Chapman indulges in. Writing of the great Talleyrand, she makes him refer at different times to his estate of Rochecotte on the banks of the Loire. Rochecotte never belonged to him. It was the property of the famous Duchesse de Dino, his niece, and bought by her after Talleyrand's death. Madame Adélaide, the sister of King Louis Philippe, to whose death the French statesman refers in the year 1833, only left this world in 1847, a few months before the revolution of February, 1848, which drove her brother from his throne. Monseigneur Dupan-

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loup, who is described as atending Talleyrand's death-bed, was only the Abbé Dupanloup at the time, and became a bishop about fifteen years after the celebrated minister had passed away. Metternich only became Austrian ambassador to the court of the Tuileries after the war of 1859, and Bismarck certainly never visited Paris before he appeared there as his country's representative. The Duc de Morny never exercised the regency during the campaign of 1859, when these functions were performd by the Empress Eugénie. And there are other errors.

It is sufficient to draw the reader's attention to these different points to show that as a historical biography, "Imperial Brother" has absolutely no value. Its interest as a novel is exceedingly limited, because a novel requires action, romance and unflagging interest all through its pages, whereas there is nothing of the kind in the queer, rambling, unimaginative volume which Miss Chapman presents to us as the life story of the famous stepbrother of Napoleon III. It is a romance without anything romantic about it, a biography without any respect for dates, a historical work in which there is no history, and it is not even an amusing book!

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Sermons

The House of Gold, by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. $1.25.

STRANGE as it may seem to some, here is a book of sermons that actually makes excellent reading. These discourses were delivered by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York City, during Lent, 1930. Monsignor McMahon, the pastor, refers to his church as the House of Gold, one of the titles of the Blessed Virgin; hence the title of the volume. It includes five practical talks on "Life's Temptations," sermons for Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday, and eighteen discourses on "The Forgotten Family."

Father Jarret's style is marked by exquisite simplicity. His thought is profound yet clear. His applications are sympathetic and practical. The plain man and woman as well as the university student will find in this work of less than three hundred pages those principles necessary for the satisfaction of modern civilization's most urgent need, the restoration of the home to its divinely appointed place in human society.

A few quotations will speak for themselves on the immediate value of this volume:

"Once marriage has been followed by divorce in human society, then immediately this further step has always been taken, namely birth control. . . . The conjunction of the two is something that occurs regularly in human history. Divorce has always been followed by birth control. You will also find in all human history that birth control in turn is followed by open immorality."

"When then, our quack scientists talks to us about companionate marriage, we know that they have reached the bankruptcy of love. There is plenty of sex possessing them, but no love. Companions—that is all they want to be. What they want is friendliness colored with sexual pleasure. No one can call that love."

Commendation is due those who have made it possible for the American reading public to obtain this book at such a low price, even below that asked in England where the work was first published. It is sincerely hoped that it will find its way at least into every Catholic home.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

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Briefer Mention

Morning Tide, by Neil M. Gunn. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE BEST praise that can be given this delightful novel is that it is different from the average study of adolescence. Comparatively few writers since Mark Twain have turned their attention to what might be termed the normal boy. Instead they have been mainly concerned with the depiction of "misunderstood" youths—boys on whom the hand of genius has descended too heavily to leave them much more than discontented precocity; boys whose healthy outlook on life, and particularly on sex, has been distorted; boys so supersensitive that their childhood days are one long succession of pain and embarrassment and shrinking from contact with the world and its people. Hence it is doubly refreshing to find Mr. Gunn's Hugh MacBeth a real individual, of normal friends, normal desires, normal pastimes. Mr. Gunn's story is the simple story of Hugh's formative period in which are shaped those characteristics which will determine the man. Told entirely from the boy's viewpoint, it is complete in its detail and the MacBeth family and the inhabitants of the little Scotch fishing village stand out boldly in such perspective.

The Glass Key, by Dashiell Hammett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $2.00.

IT IS Mr. Hammett's gift to be able to write mystery stories which actually mystify, and yet to people them with characters so real that it is the ultimate human confrontations and resolutions which elicit most of the suspense. These characters are not especially admirable; the moral, or sociological, stratum which produced Sam Spade, the scum-of-the-earth, stop-at-nothing sleuth of "The Maltese Falcon" has been tapped again for the super-gangster and his friend, the amateur detective, who sustain the action and share the climax of "The Glass Key." And yet, while Mr. Hammett does not suggest moral radiance, he understands very well indeed how to suggest strength. There is something authentic and unassailable, some last core of integrity and will, in these men, which is a pivot for real drama and a focal point for the reader's real, if reluctant, sympathy. With this power, and an almost unparalleled ability to transcribe the talk of the types he elects to portray, Mr. Hammett will always be an absorbing story-teller.

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